THE HUMAN TORCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE SUB MARINER

ALL WINNERS COMICS

NO. 9

SUMMER ISSUE

10¢

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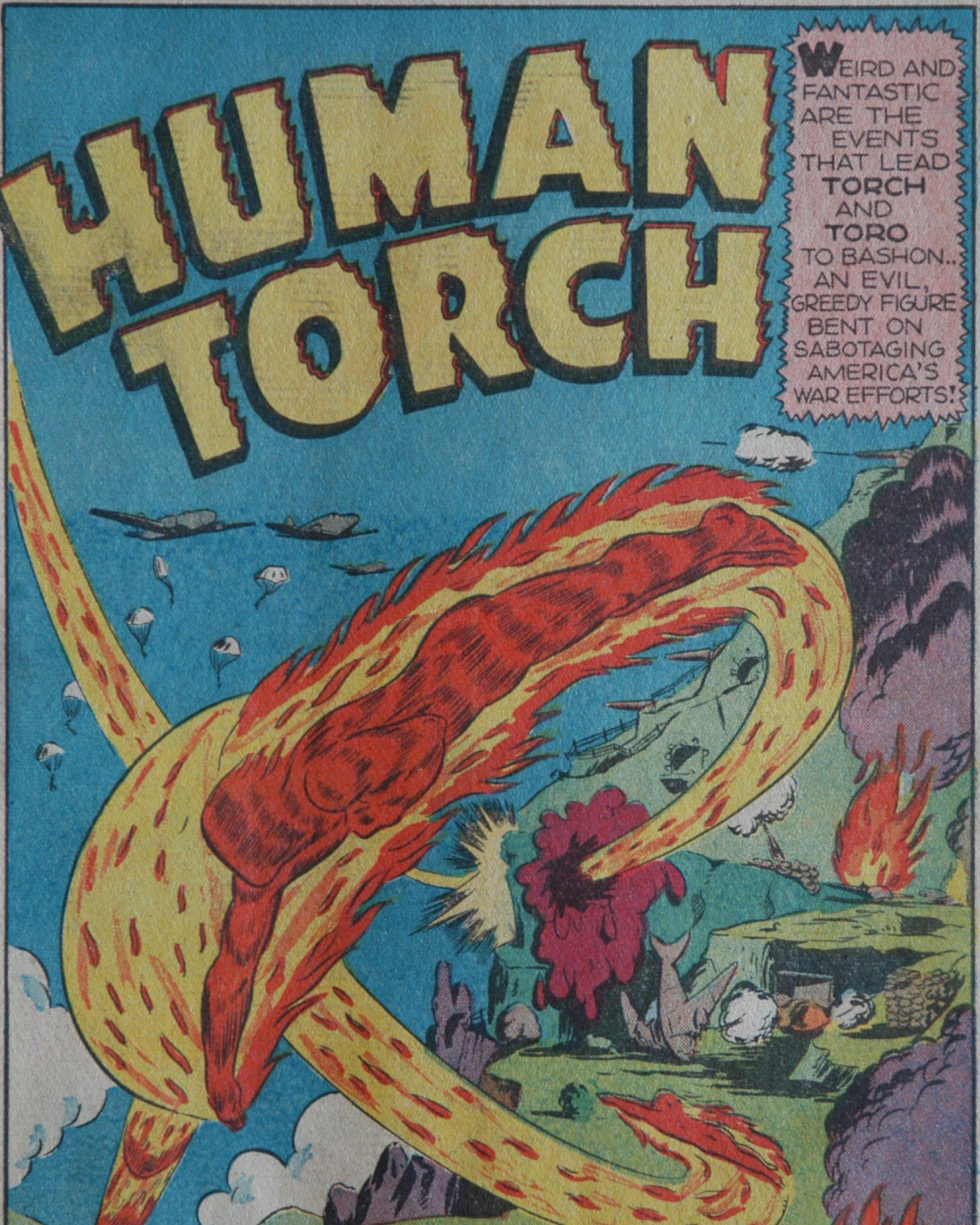
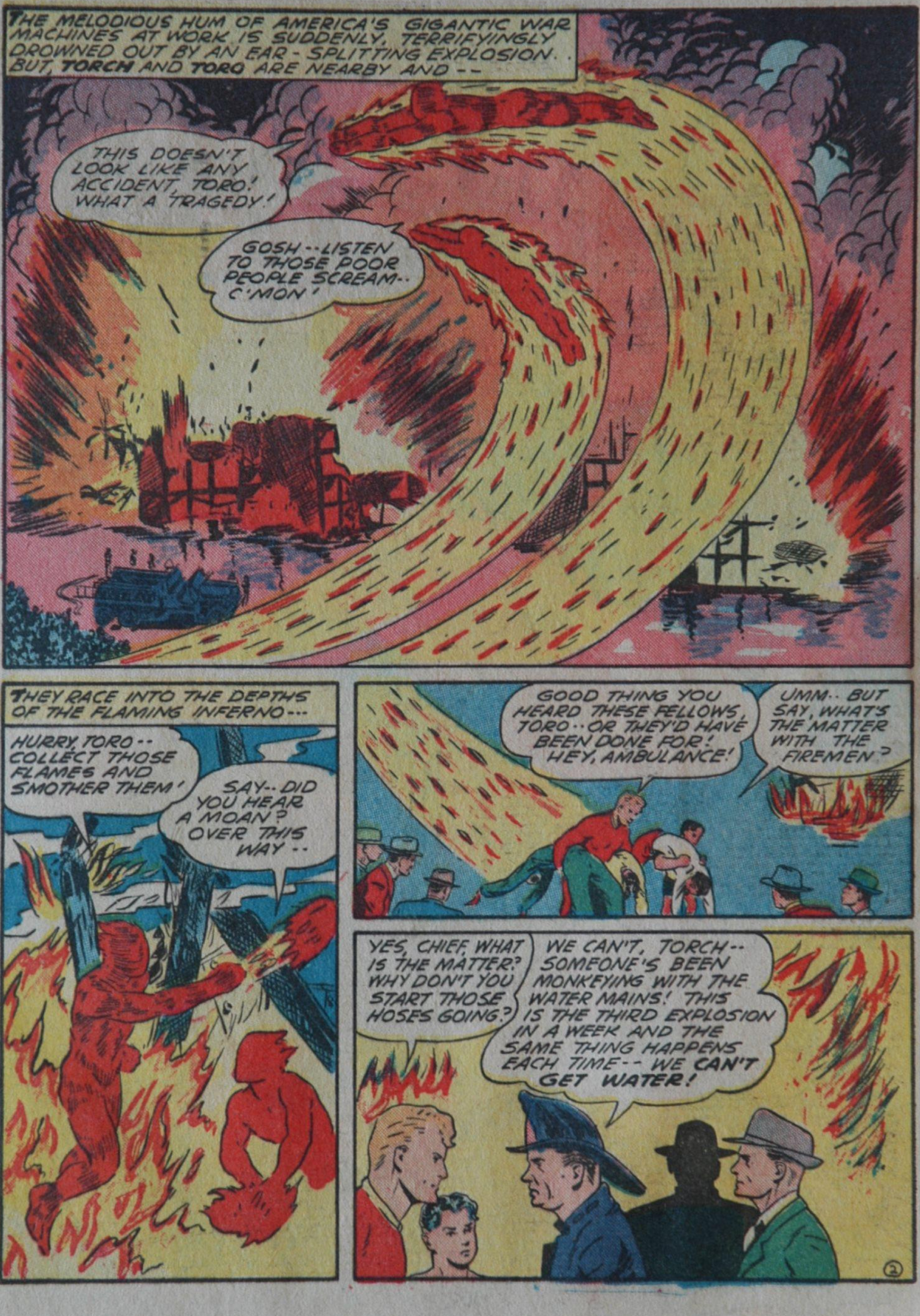
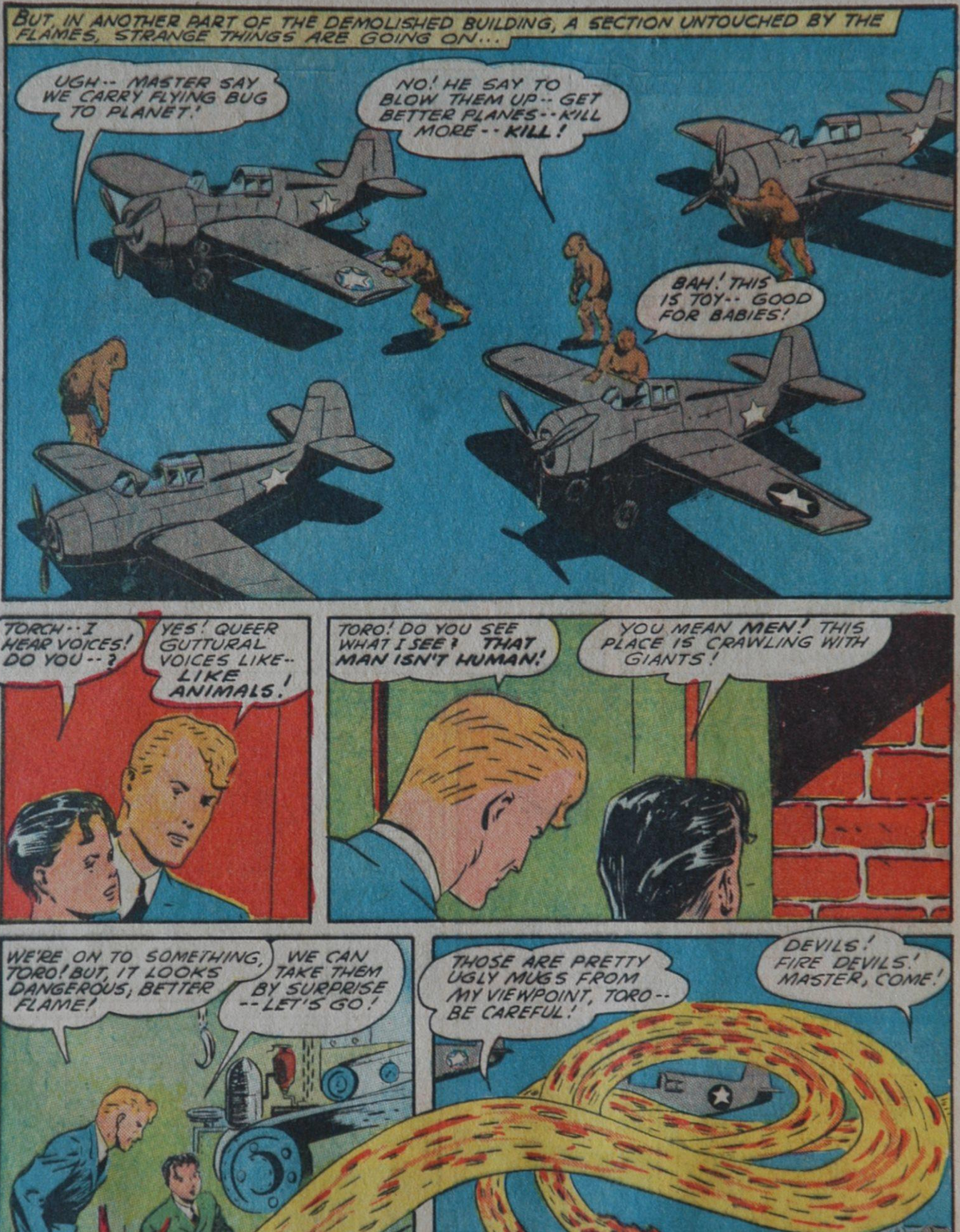
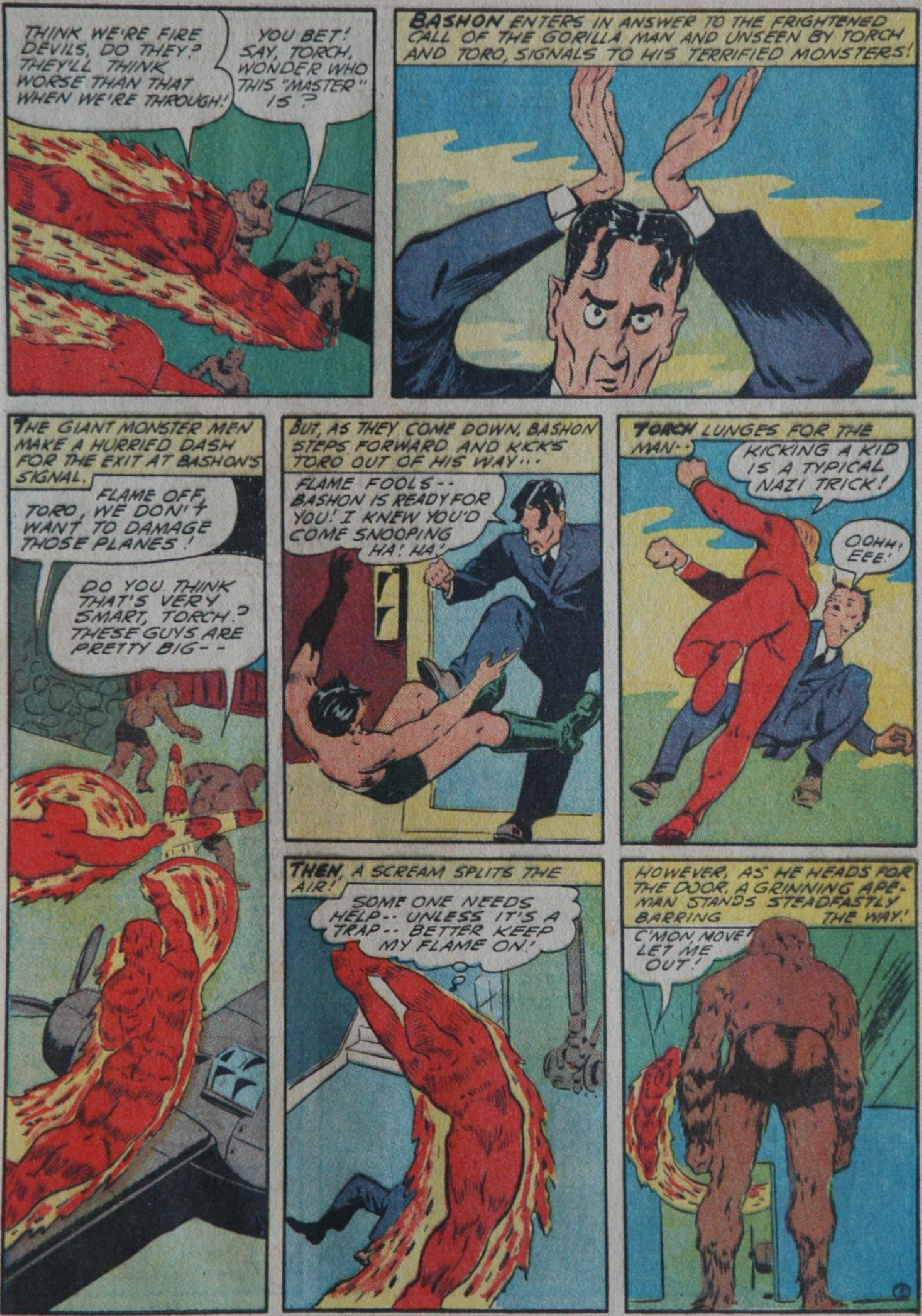
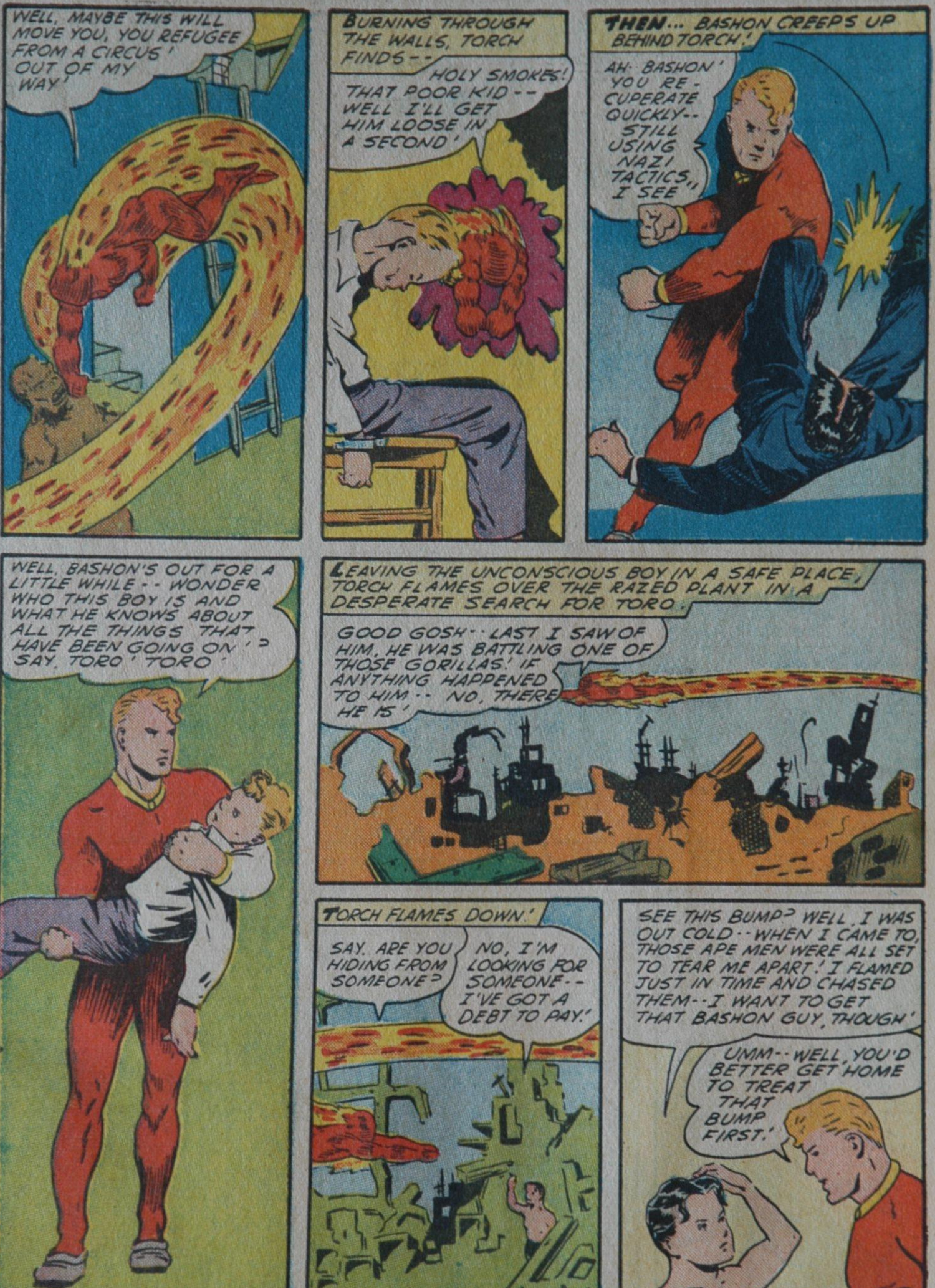

HUMAN TORCH
WEIRD AND FANTASTIC ARE THE EVENTS THAT LEAD **TORCH** AND **TORO** TO BASHON.. AN EVIL, GREEDY FIGURE BENT ON SABOTAGING AMERICA'S WAR EFFORTS!


THE MELODIOUS HUM OF AMERICA'S GIGANTIC WAR MACHINES AT WORK IS SUDDENLY, TERRIFYINGLY DROWNED OUT BY AN EAR-SPLITTING EXPLOSION.. BUT, TORCH AND TORO ARE NEARBY AND--
THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANY ACCIDENT, TORO! WHAT A TRAGEDY!
GOSH--LISTEN TO THOSE POOR PEOPLE SCREAM.. C'MON!
THEY RACE INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE FLAMING INFERNO---
HURRY, TORO-- COLLECT THOSE FLAMES AND SMOTHER THEM!
SAY-- DID YOU HEAR A MOAN? OVER THIS WAY--
GOOD THING YOU HEARD THESE FELLOWS, TORO--OR THEY'D HAVE BEEN DONE FOR! HEY, AMBULANCE!
UMM.. BUT SAY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE FIREMEN?
YES, CHIEF, WHAT IS THE MATTER? WHY DON'T YOU START THOSE HOSES GOING?
WE CAN'T, TORCH-- SOMEONE'S BEEN MONKEYING WITH THE WATER MAINS! THIS IS THE THIRD EXPLOSION IN A WEEK AND THE SAME THING HAPPENS EACH TIME-- WE CAN'T GET WATER!
2

MEANWHILE, IN A RAMSHACKLE HUT, A BLACK CLAD FIGURE BENDS DOWN TO GIVE HIS ORDERS!
DON'T MAKE ME KILL ANYMORE, BASHON-- PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T!
STOP YOUR WHINING, DOLT! YOU'LL OBEY ORDERS!
YOU CAN'T MAKE ME DO IT AGAIN! I WON'T-- I WON'T! I'LL DIE BEFORE I'LL---
SHUT UP! YOU DO AS I SAY-- HA! HA! YOUR WORK HAS JUST BEGUN!
THE MAD AND MISSHAPEN BASHON ROARS HIS THREATS AND BOASTS.
TUDELA IS ONLY THE FIRST CITY TO FEEL MY POWER-- SOON THE WHOLE WORLD WILL KNOW! I WILL RULE BECAUSE I, I, CAN DESTROY!
STUPID, WEAK, FOOL --- I, BASHON, WILL MAKE YOU STRONG! I WILL FILL YOUR PUNY BODY WITH STRENGTH! JUST AS I HAVE DONE WITH THE CRUMBLING BONES OF OTHERS! HA! HA! HA!
AH-- I CAN'T MAKE YOU, EH? AND WHAT OF THIS LIQUID YOU DRINK SO EAGERLY? YES, I'LL KEEP YOU ALIVE UNTIL I NO LONGER NEED YOU!
MEANTIME...
THE F.B.I. CERTAINLY MEANT S.O.S. WHEN THEY CALLED ON US. TUDELA'S GOING TO RUIN... CRIPPLED TRANSPORTATION, HUNGER, DEATH, HORROR--
AND IT'S ALL SABOTAGE, TORCH, THAT'S THE WORST PART!
TORCH AND TORO ROAM THE STREETS OF THE DEVASTATED CITY SEEKING THE ANSWER TO ALL THE TRAGEDY THAT HAS OCCURRED!
WE'VE GOT TO SOLVE THIS, TORO, BEFORE IT'S REPEATED IN SOME OTHER CITY-- WASHINGTON OR NEW YORK!
LET'S TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THE FACTORY!
THIS PLACE IS ENOUGH TO GIVE YOU THE CREEPS! I DON'T SEE ANYTHING NEW, DO YOU?
JUST THE SAME OLD ASHES WE'VE BEEN THROUGH TWICE BEFORE!
SSSH--

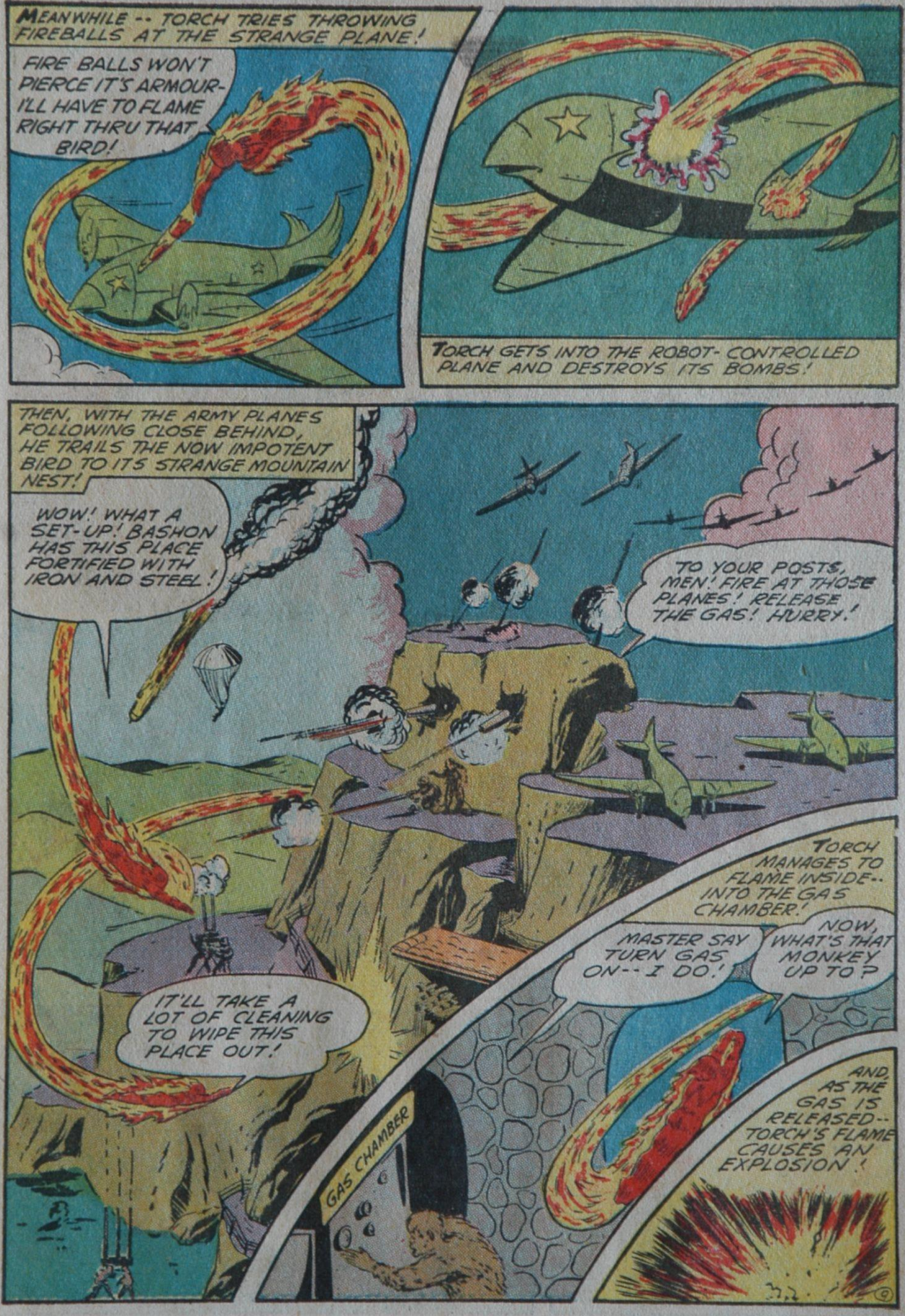

BUT, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE DEMOLISHED BUILDING, A SECTION UNTOUCHED BY THE FLAMES, STRANGE THINGS ARE GOING ON...
UGH-- MASTER SAY WE CARRY FLYING BUG TO PLANET!
NO! HE SAY TO BLOW THEM UP-- GET BETTER PLANES--KILL MORE--KILL!
BAH! THIS IS TOY-- GOOD FOR BABIES!
TORCH--I HEAR VOICES! DO YOU--?
YES! QUEER GUTTURAL VOICES LIKE-- LIKE ANIMALS!
TORO! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE? THAT MAN ISN'T HUMAN!
YOU MEAN MEN! THIS PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH GIANTS!
WE'RE ON TO SOMETHING, TORO! BUT, IT LOOKS DANGEROUS, BETTER FLAME!
WE CAN TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE --LET'S GO!
THOSE ARE PRETTY UGLY MUGS FROM MY VIEWPOINT, TORO-- BE CAREFUL!
DEVILS! FIRE DEVILS! MASTER, COME!

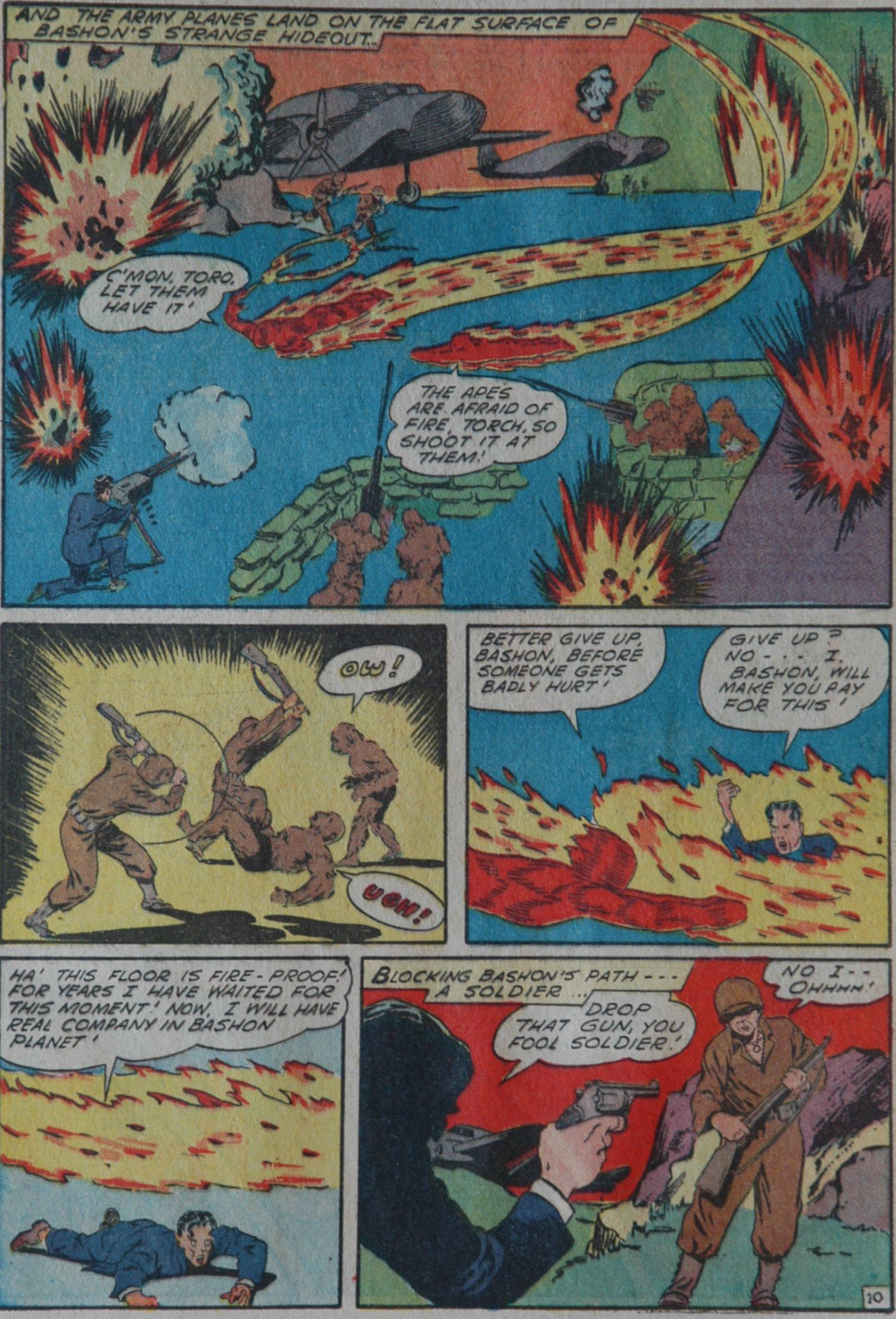

THINK WE'RE FIRE DEVILS, DO THEY? THEY'LL THINK WORSE THAN THAT WHEN WE'RE THROUGH!
YOU BET! SAY, TORCH, WONDER WHO THIS "MASTER" IS?
BASHON ENTERS IN ANSWER TO THE FRIGHTENED CALL OF THE GORILLA MAN AND UNSEEN BY TORCH AND TORO, SIGNALS TO HIS TERRIFIED MONSTERS!
THE GIANT MONSTER MEN MAKE A HURRIED DASH FOR THE EXIT AT BASHON'S SIGNAL.
FLAME OFF, TORO, WE DON'T WANT TO DAMAGE THOSE PLANES!
DO YOU THINK THAT'S VERY SMART, TORCH? THESE GUYS ARE PRETTY BIG--
BUT, AS THEY COME DOWN, BASHON STEPS FORWARD AND KICKS TORO OUT OF HIS WAY...
FLAME FOOLS-- BASHON IS READY FOR YOU! I KNEW YOU'D COME SNOOPING HA! HA!
TORCH LUNGES FOR THE MAN--
KICKING A KID IS A TYPICAL NAZI TRICK!
OOHH! EEE!
THEN, A SCREAM SPLITS THE AIR!
SOME ONE NEEDS HELP-- UNLESS IT'S A TRAP-- BETTER KEEP MY FLAME ON!
HOWEVER, AS HE HEADS FOR THE DOOR, A GRINNING APE-MAN STANDS STEADFASTLY BARRING THE WAY!
C'MON, MOVE! LET ME OUT!

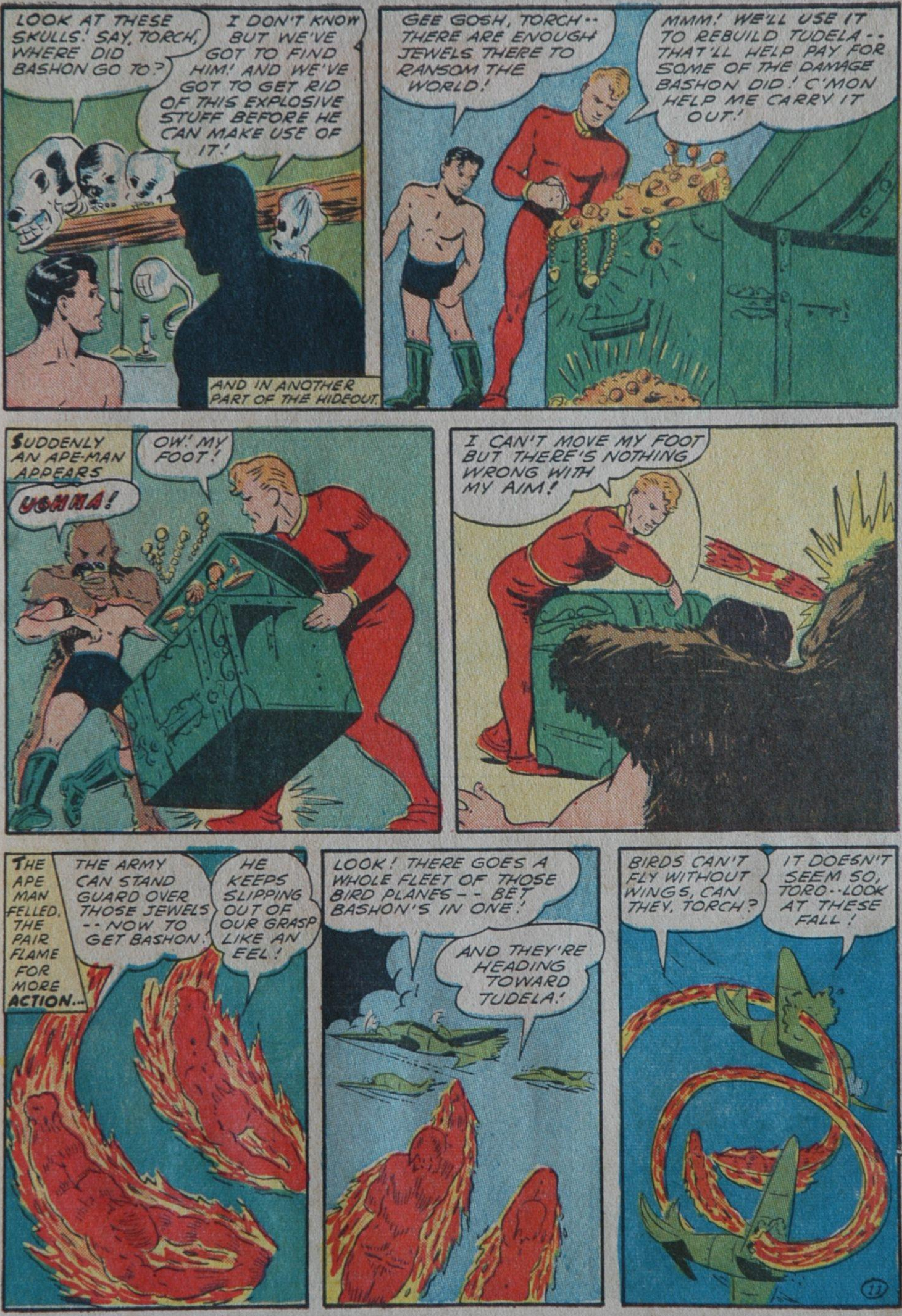

WELL, MAYBE THIS WILL MOVE YOU, YOU REFUGEE FROM A CIRCUS! OUT OF MY WAY!
BURNING THROUGH THE WALLS, TORCH FINDS--
HOLY SMOKES! THAT POOR KID-- WELL I'LL GET HIM LOOSE IN A SECOND!
THEN... BASHON CREEPS UP BEHIND TORCH!
AH- BASHON! YOU RECUPERATE QUICKLY-- STILL USING NAZI TACTICS, I SEE
WELL, BASHON'S OUT FOR A LITTLE WHILE-- WONDER WHO THIS BOY IS AND WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT ALL THE THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN GOING ON!? SAY, TORO! TORO!
LEAVING THE UNCONSCIOUS BOY IN A SAFE PLACE, TORCH FLAMES OVER THE RAZED PLANT IN A DESPERATE SEARCH FOR TORO.
GOOD GOSH-- LAST I SAW OF HIM, HE WAS BATTLING ONE OF THOSE GORILLAS! IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO HIM-- NO, THERE HE IS!
TORCH FLAMES DOWN!
SAY, ARE YOU HIDING FROM SOMEONE?
NO, I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE-- I'VE GOT A DEBT TO PAY!
SEE THIS BUMP? WELL, I WAS OUT COLD-- WHEN I CAME TO, THOSE APE MEN WERE ALL SET TO TEAR ME APART! I FLAMED JUST IN TIME AND CHASED THEM-- I WANT TO GET THAT BASHON GUY, THOUGH!
UMM-- WELL, YOU'D BETTER GET HOME TO TREAT THAT BUMP FIRST!

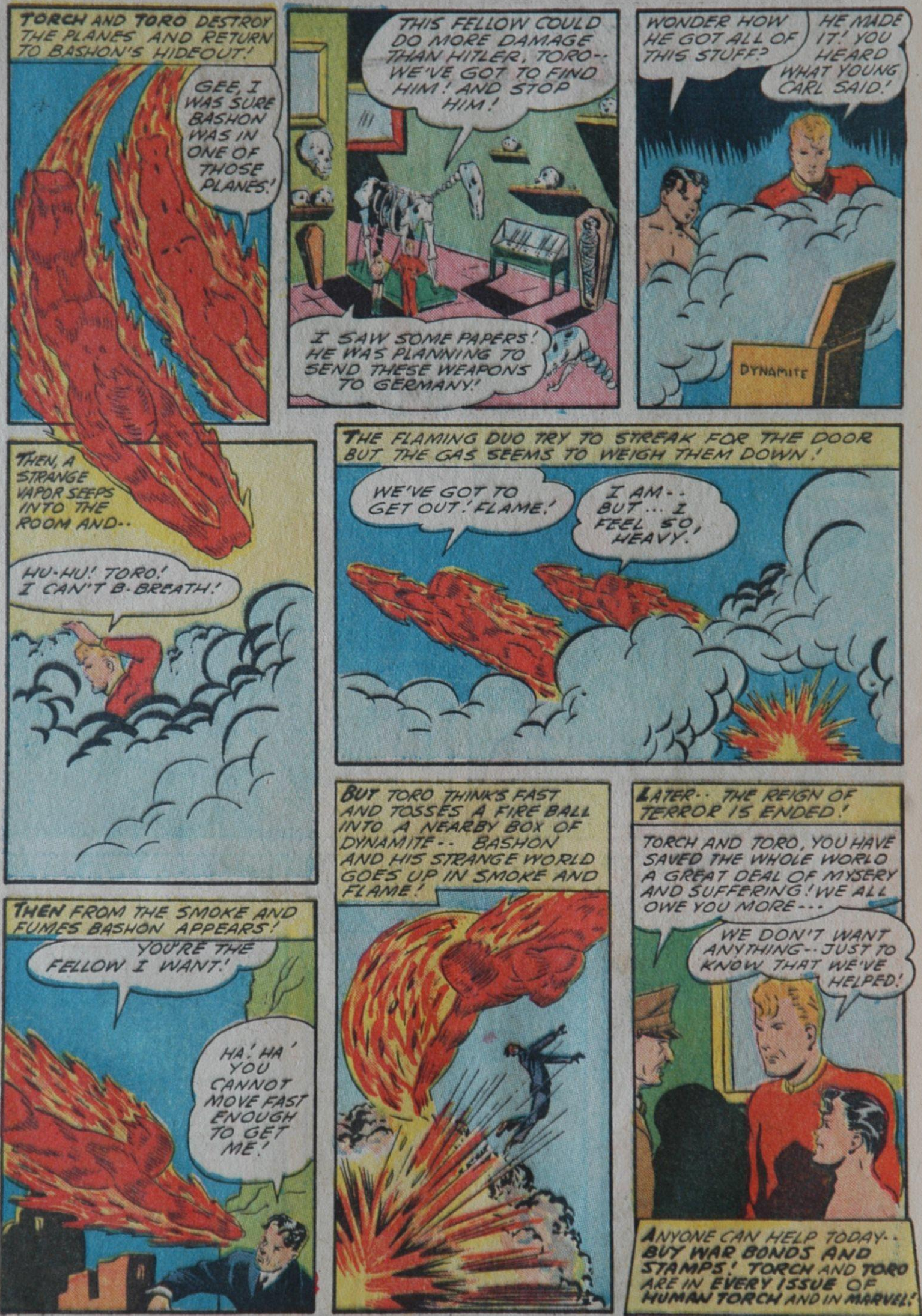
MINUTES LATER...
SAY-- WHERE DID YOU LEAVE THAT KID?
HOLY SMOKES! I FORGOT ALL ABOUT HIM--- I'LL GET HIM NOW!
I HOPE HE'S ALL RIGHT-- HE'S OUR BEST CLUE TO WHAT'S GOING ON--
I HAVE A FEELING HE KNOWS A LOT ABOUT BASHON!
AND, MINUTES LATER, AT ARMY INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS...
THIS REPORT ON YOU SAYS THAT YOU WERE WORKING IN THE MUNITIONS PLANT FOR THREE WEEKS BEFORE THAT EXPLOSION-- AND IN THE GUN-POWDER FACTORY WHEN IT BLEW UP---
AND I FOUND YOU WITH BASHON-- YOU'D BETTER TALK, CARL!
WHERE ARE BASHON'S HEADQUARTERS?
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING, TORCH, HONEST! HE MADE ME WORK FOR HIM-- I HAD TO GO INTO THOSE PLANTS OR HE'D HAVE KILLED ME!
CARL TELLS WHAT HE DOES KNOW...
I WAS ALWAYS BEING WATCHED! BASHON IS CRAZY-- BUT HE'S A GENIUS! HE'S INVENTED ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY-- PLANES, TANKS, GUNS, AND LOTS OF THINGS THAT HE PLANS TO DESTROY CITIES WITH! THOSE APE MEN HE MADE, TOO---OUT OF THE BONES OF PRE-HISTORIC PEOPLE! HONEST!

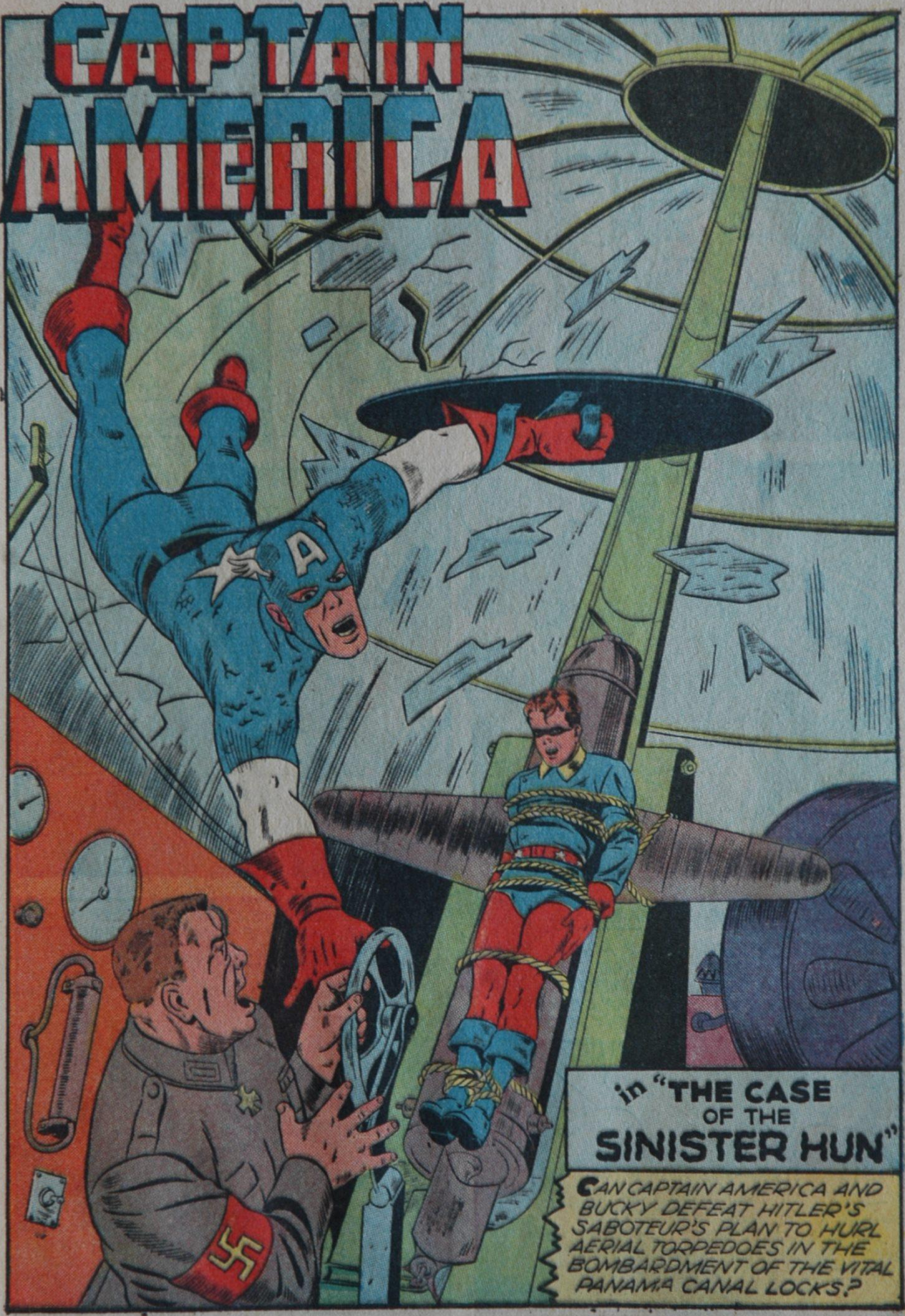
AFTER HEARING CARL'S WEIRD STORY TORCH AND TORO FLAME INTO THE NIGHT IN SEARCH OF THE MADMAN, BASHON!
DO YOU BELIEVE CARL'S CRAZY STORY ABOUT THOSE RECREATED MONSTERS? WELL, THE KID WILL BE SAFE FROM THAT DEMON FROM NOW ON.
I REMEMBER HEARING ABOUT BASHON'S SCIENTIFIC WORK BEFORE THE WAR - HE CLAIMED THAT HE'D BEEN ON ONE OF THE PLANETS! NO-ONE PAID ANY ATTENTION TO IT, OF COURSE!
SAY, TORO, THERE ISN'T SUPPOSED TO BE ANY MOON OUT TONIGHT, IS THERE?
I WOULDN'T KNOW BUT THAT ONE SEEMS TO BE MOVING PRETTY FAST -- LET'S HAVE A LOOK!
AS TORCH AND TORO START IN PURSUIT OF THE STRANGE BIRD PLANE, A LOAD OF BOMBS ARE DROPPED FROM ITS WINGS--
TORCH CONTINUES TO FOLLOW THE PLANE WHILE TORO FLAMES TO THE TUDELA AIRFIELD TO ADVISE THE ARMY OFFICIALS ABOUT THE STRANGE NIGHT BOMBING!
I'M OFF TO HELP TORCH NOW!
OUR MEN WILL FOLLOW YOU TWO BY YOUR FLAME!

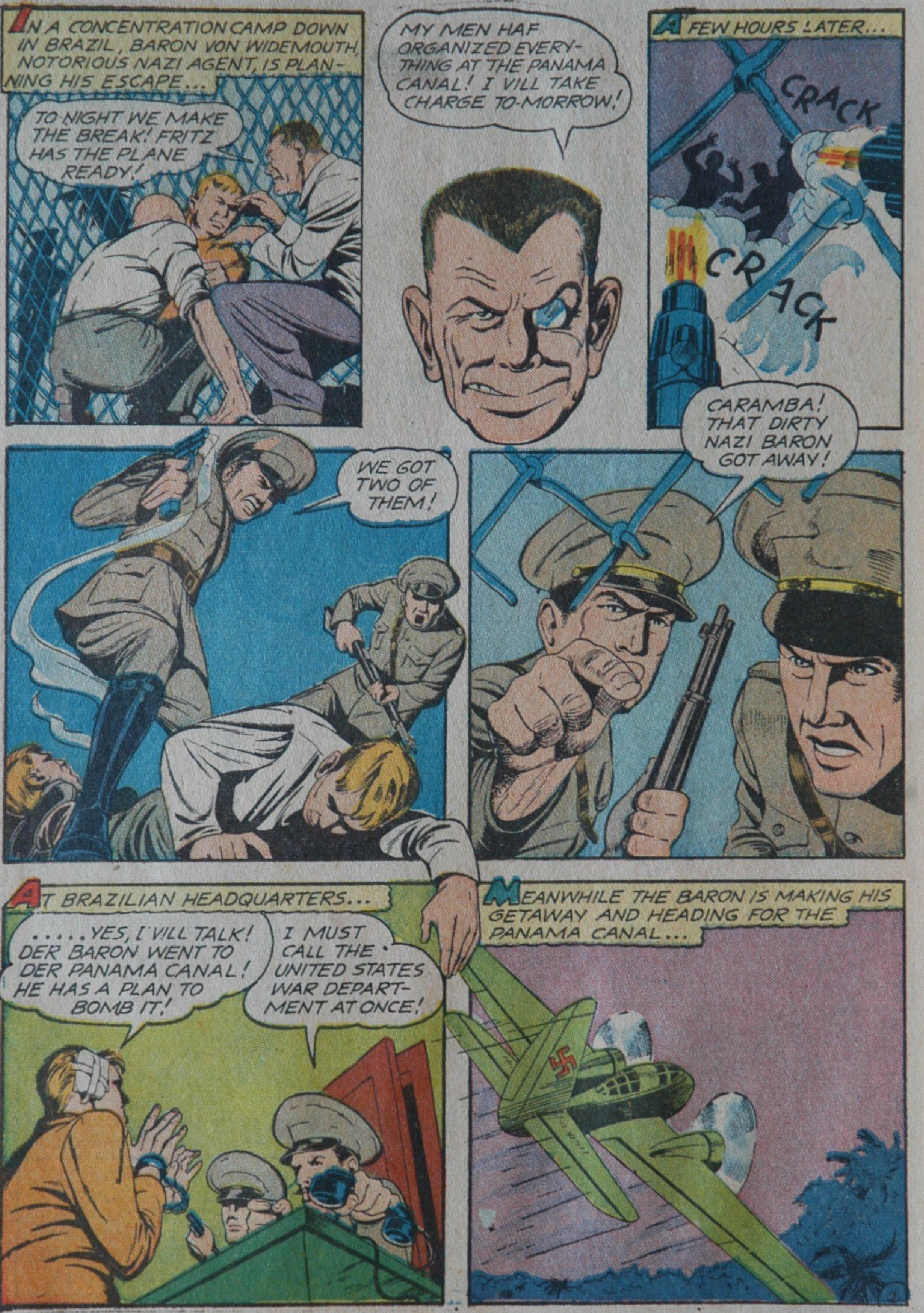

MEANWHILE -- TORCH TRIES THROWING FIREBALLS AT THE STRANGE PLANE!
FIRE BALLS WON'T PIERCE IT'S ARMOUR-- I'LL HAVE TO FLAME RIGHT THRU THAT BIRD!
TORCH GETS INTO THE ROBOT-CONTROLLED PLANE AND DESTROYS ITS BOMBS!
THEN, WITH THE ARMY PLANES FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND, HE TRAILS THE NOW IMPOTENT BIRD TO ITS STRANGE MOUNTAIN NEST!
WOW! WHAT A SET-UP! BASHON HAS THIS PLACE FORTIFIED WITH IRON AND STEEL!
TO YOUR POSTS, MEN! FIRE AT THOSE PLANES! RELEASE THE GAS! HURRY!
IT'LL TAKE A LOT OF CLEANING TO WIPE THIS PLACE OUT!
TORCH MANAGES TO FLAME INSIDE-- INTO THE GAS CHAMBER!
MASTER SAY TURN GAS ON-- I DO!
NOW, WHAT'S THAT MONKEY UP TO?
GAS CHAMBER
AND, AS THE GAS IS RELEASED-- TORCH'S FLAME CAUSES AN EXPLOSION!

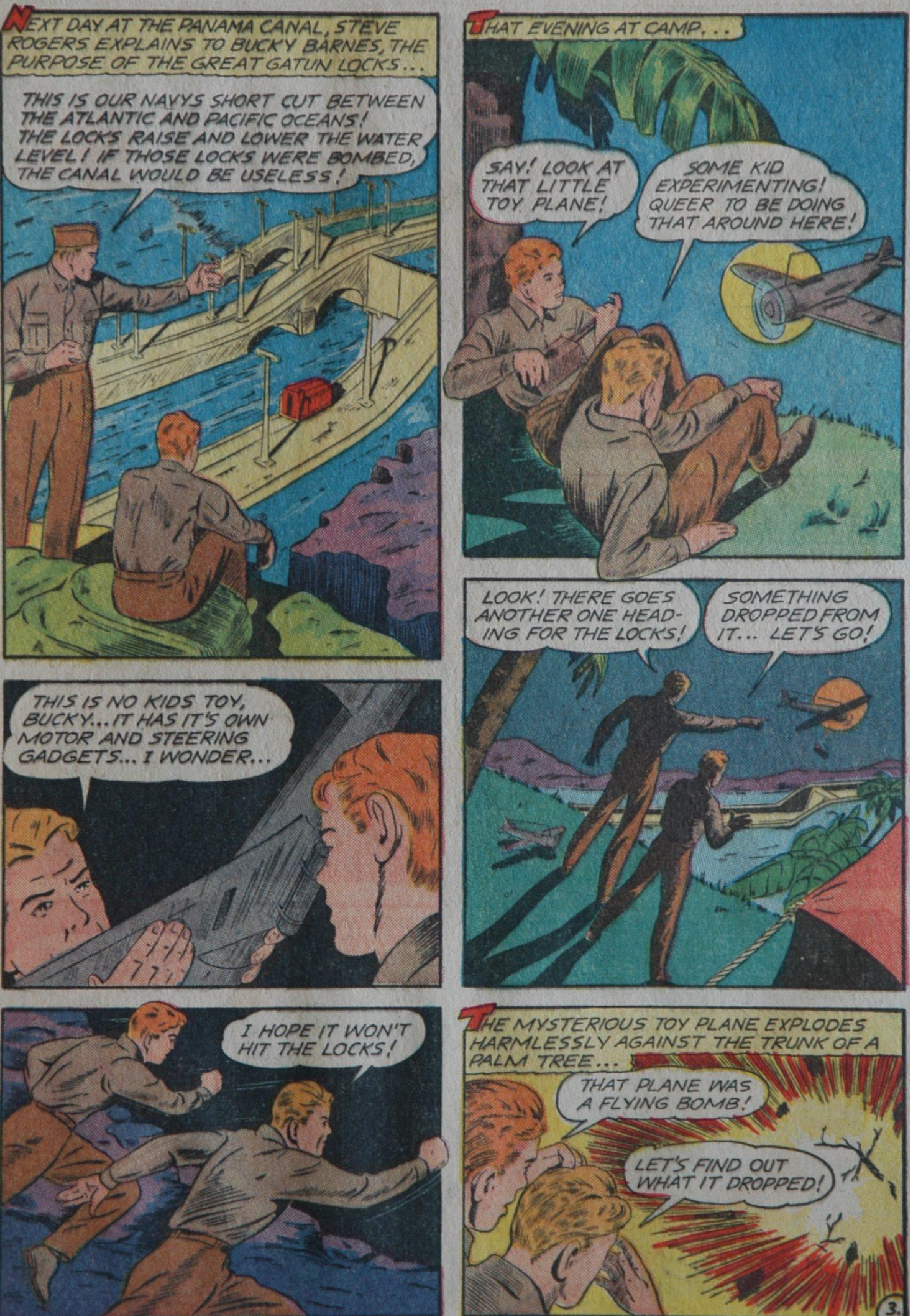

AND THE ARMY PLANES LAND ON THE FLAT SURFACE OF BASHON'S STRANGE HIDEOUT..
C'MON, TORO, LET THEM HAVE IT'
THE APES ARE AFRAID OF FIRE, TORCH, SO SHOOT IT AT THEM!
OW!
UGH!
BETTER GIVE UP, BASHON, BEFORE SOMEONE GETS BADLY HURT'
GIVE UP? NO - - - I. BASHON, WILL MAKE YOU PAY FOR THIS'
HA' THIS FLOOR IS FIRE-PROOF! FOR YEARS I HAVE WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT! NOW, I WILL HAVE REAL COMPANY IN BASHON PLANET'
BLOCKING BASHON'S PATH --- A SOLDIER ...
DROP THAT GUN, YOU FOOL SOLDIER.'
NO I-- OHHHH!

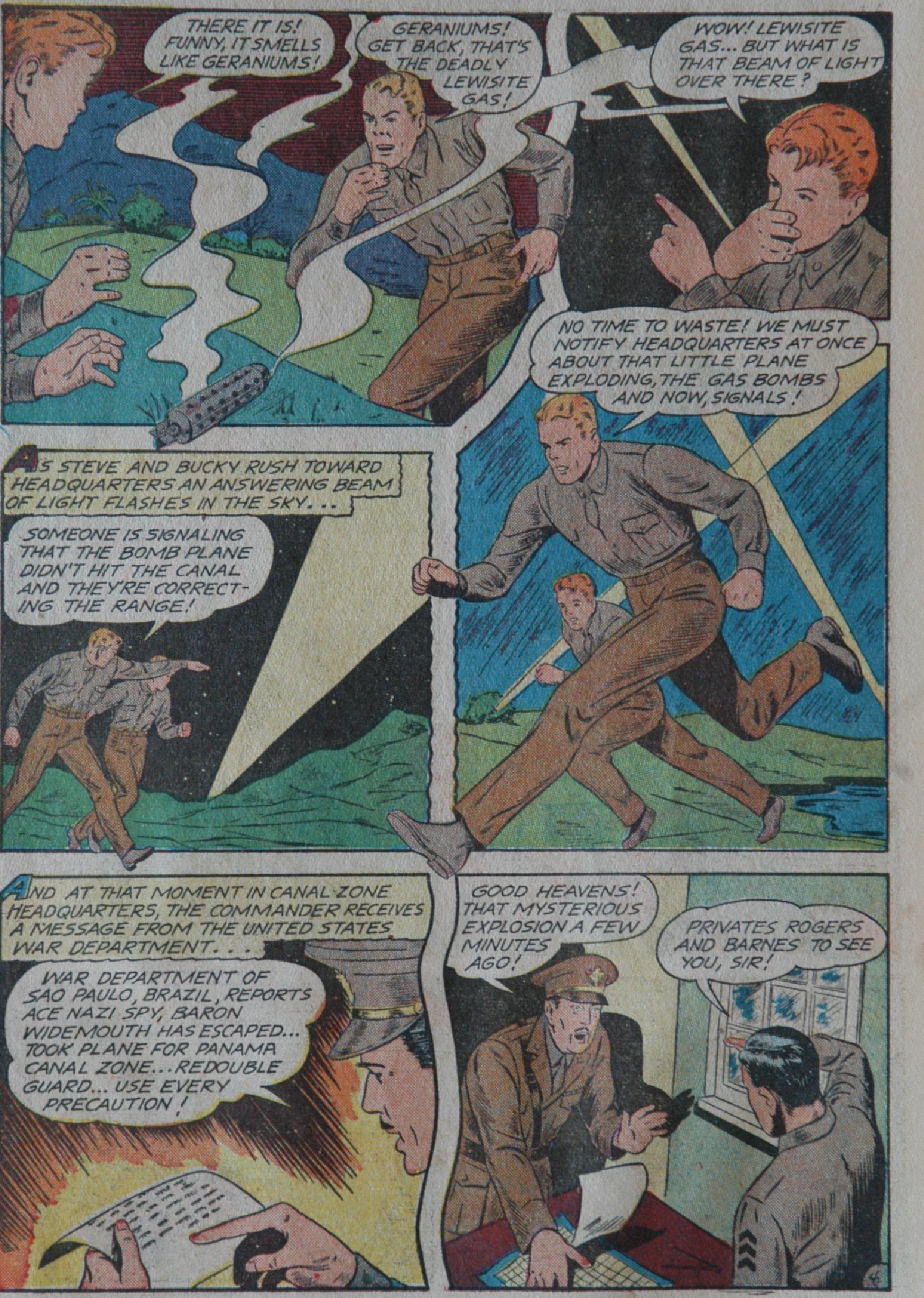

LOOK AT THESE SKULLS! SAY, TORCH, WHERE DID BASHON GO TO?
I DON'T KNOW BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! AND WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THIS EXPLOSIVE STUFF BEFORE HE CAN MAKE USE OF IT!
AND IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HIDEOUT.
GEE GOSH, TORCH-- THERE ARE ENOUGH JEWELS THERE TO RANSOM THE WORLD!
MMM! WE'LL USE IT TO REBUILD TUDELA-- THAT'LL HELP PAY FOR SOME OF THE DAMAGE BASHON DID! C'MON HELP ME CARRY IT OUT!
SUDDENLY AN APE-MAN APPEARS
UGHHA!
OW! MY FOOT!
I CAN'T MOVE MY FOOT BUT THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH MY AIM!
THE APE MAN FELLED, THE PAIR FLAME FOR MORE ACTION...
THE ARMY CAN STAND GUARD OVER THOSE JEWELS -- NOW TO GET BASHON!
HE KEEPS SLIPPING OUT OF OUR GRASP LIKE AN EEL!
LOOK! THERE GOES A WHOLE FLEET OF THOSE BIRD PLANES -- BET BASHON'S IN ONE!
AND THEY'RE HEADING TOWARD TUDELA!
BIRDS CAN'T FLY WITHOUT WINGS, CAN THEY, TORCH?
IT DOESN'T SEEM SO, TORO -- LOOK AT THESE FALL!

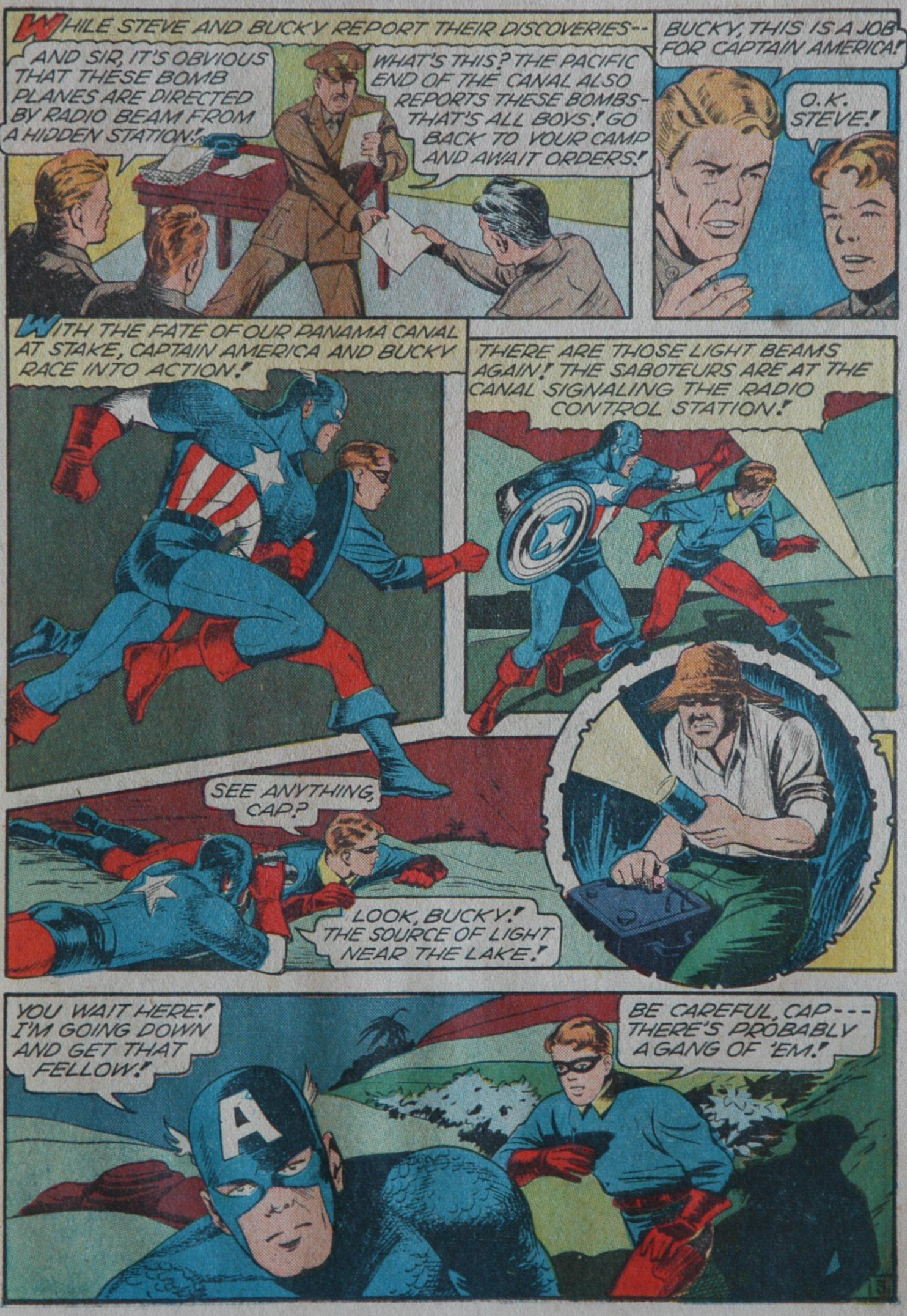

TORCH AND TORO DESTROY THE PLANES AND RETURN TO BASHON'S HIDEOUT!
GEE, I WAS SURE BASHON WAS IN ONE OF THOSE PLANES!
THIS FELLOW COULD DO MORE DAMAGE THAN HITLER, TORO-- WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! AND STOP HIM!
I SAW SOME PAPERS! HE WAS PLANNING TO SEND THESE WEAPONS TO GERMANY!
WONDER HOW HE GOT ALL OF THIS STUFF?
HE MADE IT! YOU HEARD WHAT YOUNG CARL SAID!
DYNAMITE
THEN, A STRANGE VAPOR SEEPS INTO THE ROOM AND--
HU-HU! TORO! I CAN'T B-BREATH!
THE FLAMING DUO TRY TO STREAK FOR THE DOOR BUT THE GAS SEEMS TO WEIGH THEM DOWN!
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT! FLAME!
I AM-- BUT... I FEEL SO, HEAVY!
THEN FROM THE SMOKE AND FUMES BASHON APPEARS!
YOU'RE THE FELLOW I WANT!
HA! HA! YOU CANNOT MOVE FAST ENOUGH TO GET ME!
BUT TORO THINKS FAST AND TOSSES A FIRE BALL INTO A NEARBY BOX OF DYNAMITE-- BASHON AND HIS STRANGE WORLD GOES UP IN SMOKE AND FLAME!
LATER-- THE REIGN OF TERROR IS ENDED!
TORCH AND TORO, YOU HAVE SAVED THE WHOLE WORLD A GREAT DEAL OF MYSERY AND SUFFERING! WE ALL OWE YOU MORE---
WE DON'T WANT ANYTHING-- JUST TO KNOW THAT WE'VE HELPED!
ANYONE CAN HELP TODAY-- BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS! TORCH AND TORO ARE IN EVERY ISSUE OF HUMAN TORCH AND IN MARVEL!


CAPTAIN AMERICA
in "THE CASE OF THE SINISTER HUN"
CAN CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY DEFEAT HITLER'S SABOTEUR'S PLAN TO HURL AERIAL TORPEDOES IN THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE VITAL PANAMA CANAL LOCKS?


IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP DOWN IN BRAZIL, BARON VON WIDEMOUTH, NOTORIOUS NAZI AGENT, IS PLANNING HIS ESCAPE...
TO-NIGHT WE MAKE THE BREAK! FRITZ HAS THE PLANE READY!
MY MEN HAF ORGANIZED EVERYTHING AT THE PANAMA CANAL! I VILL TAKE CHARGE TO-MORROW!
A FEW HOURS LATER...
CRACK
CRACK
CRACK
CARAMBA! THAT DIRTY NAZI BARON GOT AWAY!
WE GOT TWO OF THEM!
AT BRAZILIAN HEADQUARTERS...
.....YES, I VILL TALK! DER BARON WENT TO DER PANAMA CANAL! HE HAS A PLAN TO BOMB IT!
I MUST CALL THE UNITED STATES WAR DEPARTMENT AT ONCE!
MEANWHILE THE BARON IS MAKING HIS GETAWAY AND HEADING FOR THE PANAMA CANAL...

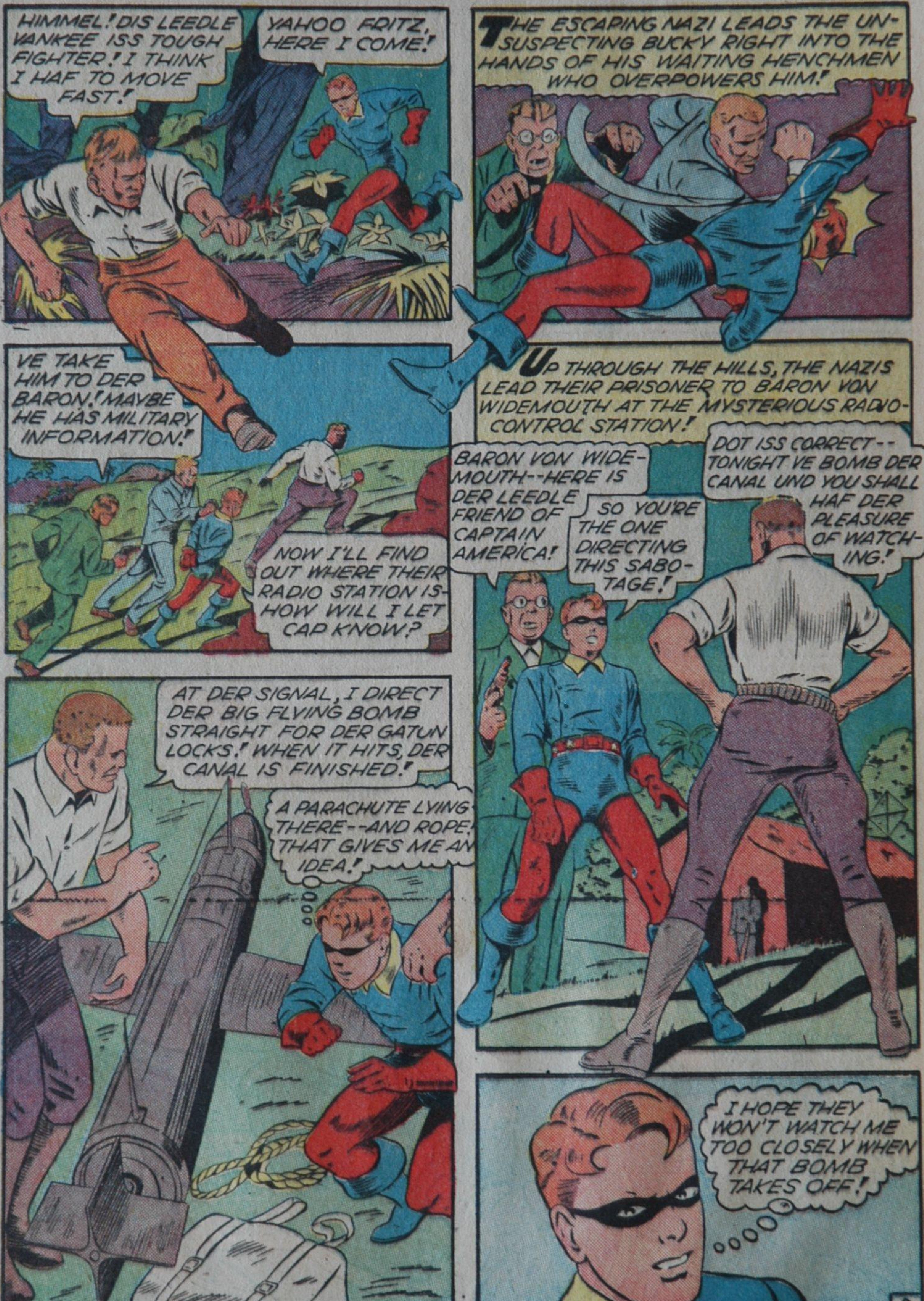

NEXT DAY AT THE PANAMA CANAL, STEVE ROGERS EXPLAINS TO BUCKY BARNES, THE PURPOSE OF THE GREAT GATUN LOCKS...
THIS IS OUR NAVYS SHORT CUT BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS! THE LOCKS RAISE AND LOWER THE WATER LEVEL! IF THOSE LOCKS WERE BOMBED, THE CANAL WOULD BE USELESS!
THAT EVENING AT CAMP...
SAY! LOOK AT THAT LITTLE TOY PLANE!
SOME KID EXPERIMENTING! QUEER TO BE DOING THAT AROUND HERE!
LOOK! THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE HEADING FOR THE LOCKS!
SOMETHING DROPPED FROM IT... LET'S GO!
THIS IS NO KIDS TOY, BUCKY... IT HAS IT'S OWN MOTOR AND STEERING GADGETS... I WONDER...
I HOPE IT WON'T HIT THE LOCKS!
THE MYSTERIOUS TOY PLANE EXPLODES HARMLESSLY AGAINST THE TRUNK OF A PALM TREE...
THAT PLANE WAS A FLYING BOMB!
LET'S FIND OUT WHAT IT DROPPED!

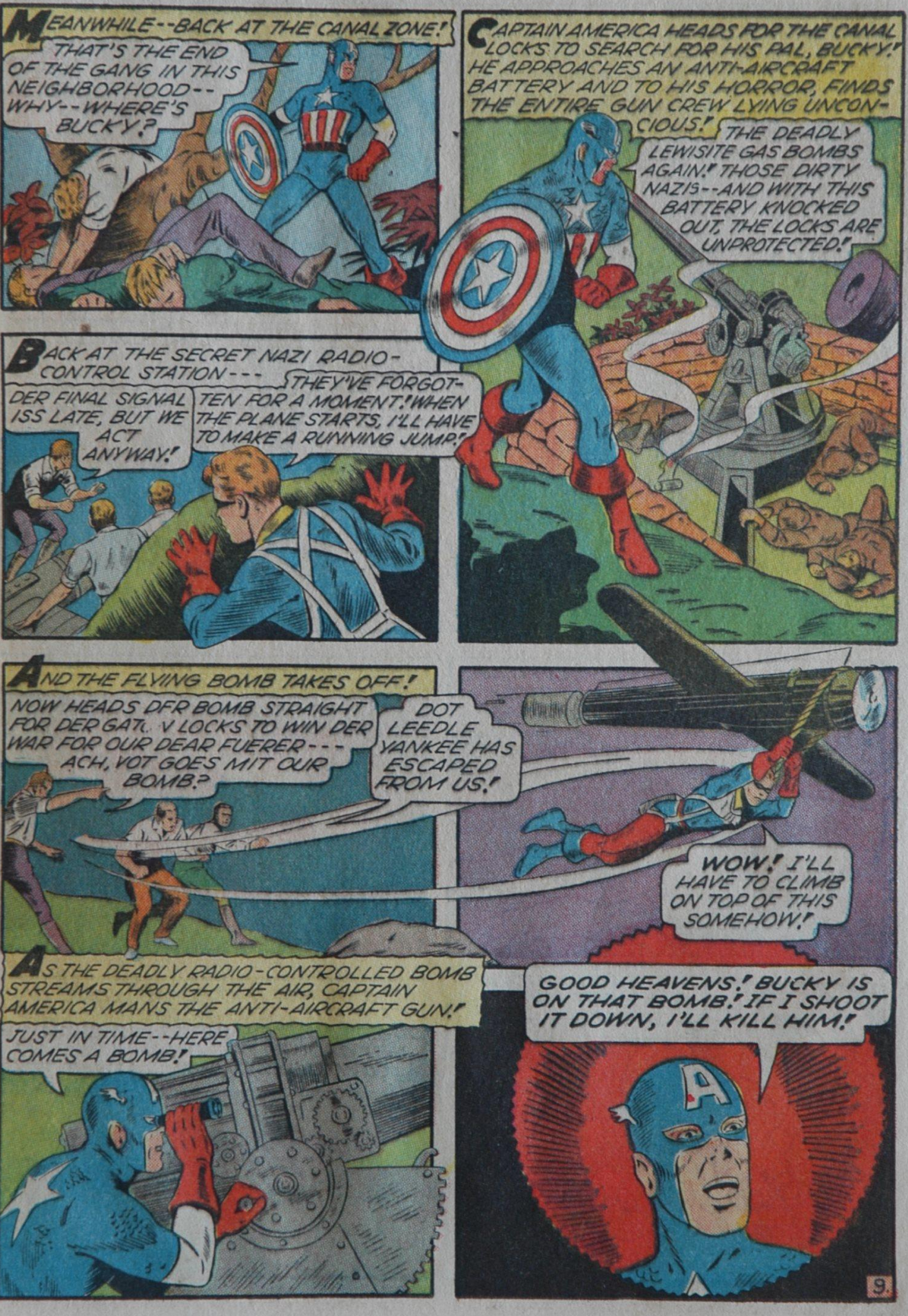

THERE IT IS! FUNNY, IT SMELLS LIKE GERANIUMS!
GERANIUMS! GET BACK, THAT'S THE DEADLY LEWISITE GAS!
WOW! LEWISITE GAS... BUT WHAT IS THAT BEAM OF LIGHT OVER THERE?
NO TIME TO WASTE! WE MUST NOTIFY HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE ABOUT THAT LITTLE PLANE EXPLODING, THE GAS BOMBS AND NOW, SIGNALS!
AS STEVE AND BUCKY RUSH TOWARD HEADQUARTERS AN ANSWERING BEAM OF LIGHT FLASHES IN THE SKY...
SOMEONE IS SIGNALING THAT THE BOMB PLANE DIDN'T HIT THE CANAL AND THEY'RE CORRECTING THE RANGE!
AND AT THAT MOMENT IN CANAL ZONE HEADQUARTERS, THE COMMANDER RECEIVES A MESSAGE FROM THE UNITED STATES WAR DEPARTMENT...
WAR DEPARTMENT OF SAO PAULO, BRAZIL, REPORTS ACE NAZI SPY, BARON WIDEMOUTH HAS ESCAPED... TOOK PLANE FOR PANAMA CANAL ZONE... REDOUBLE GUARD... USE EVERY PRECAUTION!
GOOD HEAVENS! THAT MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION A FEW MINUTES AGO!
PRIVATES ROGERS AND BARNES TO SEE YOU, SIR!

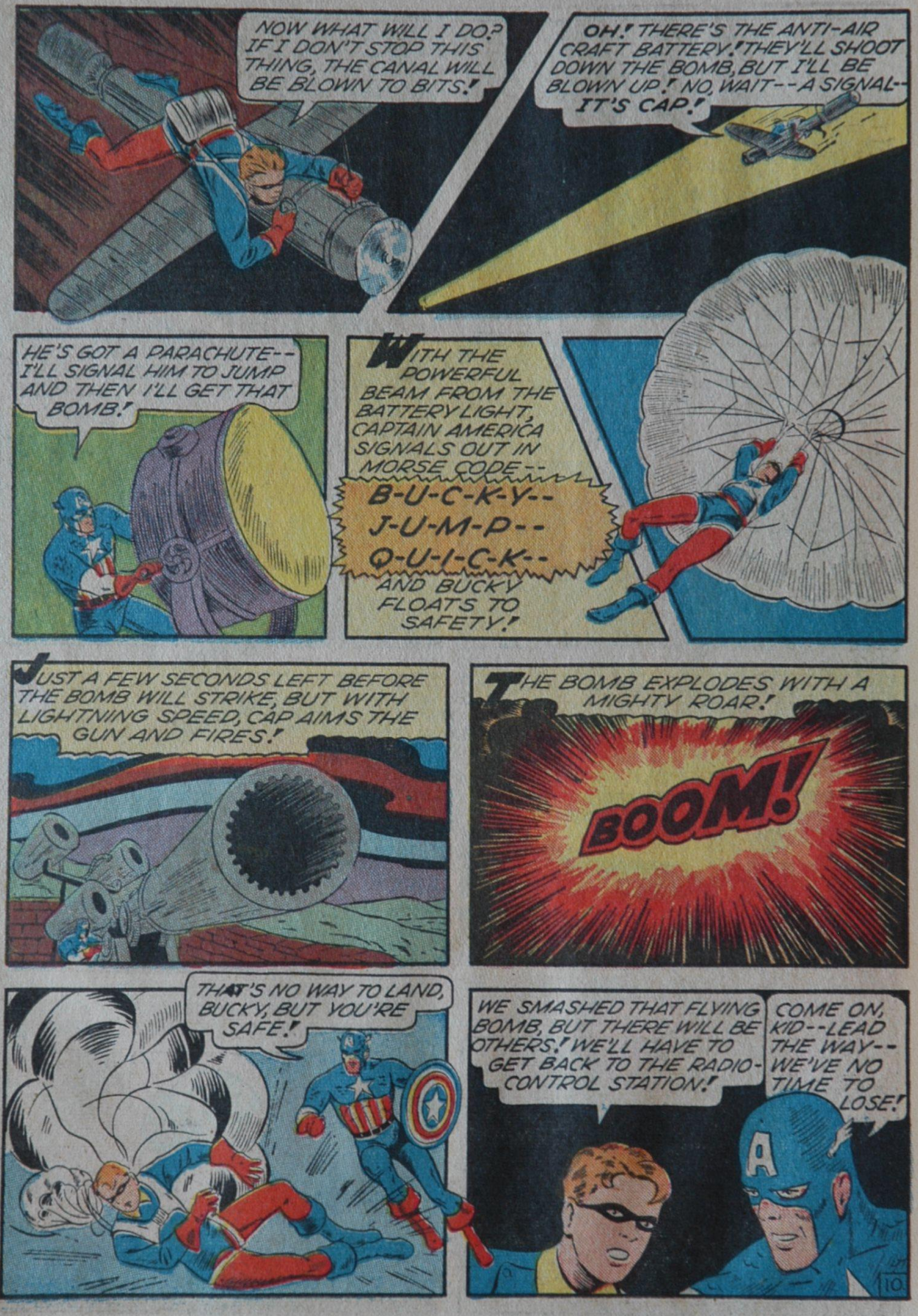

WHILE STEVE AND BUCKY REPORT THEIR DISCOVERIES--
AND SIR, IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THESE BOMB PLANES ARE DIRECTED BY RADIO BEAM FROM A HIDDEN STATION!
WHAT'S THIS? THE PACIFIC END OF THE CANAL ALSO REPORTS THESE BOMBS- THAT'S ALL BOYS! GO BACK TO YOUR CAMP AND AWAIT ORDERS!
BUCKY, THIS IS A JOB FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA!
O.K. STEVE!
WITH THE FATE OF OUR PANAMA CANAL AT STAKE, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY RACE INTO ACTION!
THERE ARE THOSE LIGHT BEAMS AGAIN! THE SABOTEURS ARE AT THE CANAL SIGNALING THE RADIO CONTROL STATION!
SEE ANYTHING, CAP?
LOOK, BUCKY! THE SOURCE OF LIGHT NEAR THE LAKE!
YOU WAIT HERE! I'M GOING DOWN AND GET THAT FELLOW!
BE CAREFUL, CAP--- THERE'S PROBABLY A GANG OF 'EM!

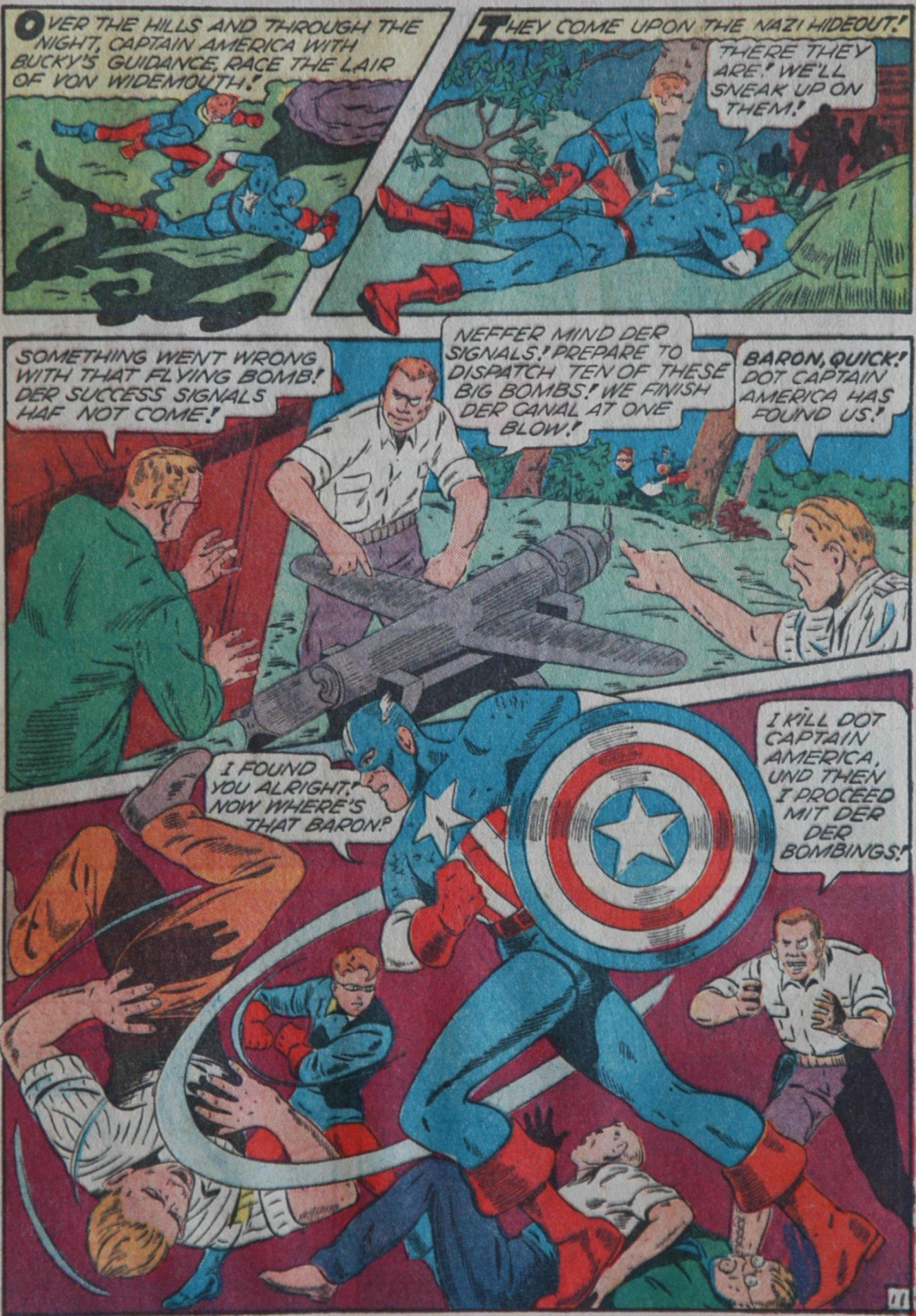
MEANWHILE--DOWN BY THE LAKE--
EVERYTHING PROCEEDS CORRECTLY! DER LIGHT BEAMS SHOW DER LOCATION OF DER GATUN LOCK!
ACH-HIMMEL! DERE ISS DOT CAPTAIN AMERICA!
TAKE IT EASY, NAZIS! I'VE SOME QUESTIONS TO ASK YOU!
BREAKING YOUR NAZI JAWS GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE!
NOW LET'S HAVE A TALK--TELL ME WHERE THAT CONTROL STATION IS, OR ELSE--
IN DER HILLS ON DER UDDER SIDE OF DER LAKE BUT I HAF NEVER BEEN DERE!
I FINALLY CAUGHT UP TO YOU, CAP! WHAT HAPPENED?
I HAD ONE TALKING! CLAIMED HE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE THE STATION IS, SO I LET HIM ESCAPE TO SEE WHICH WAY HE'D GO!
IF THEY FOLLOW ME, DEN DER MEN ON DER UDDER SIDE OF DER LAKE WILL GET THEM!
COME ON, KID! LET'S GO!
6.

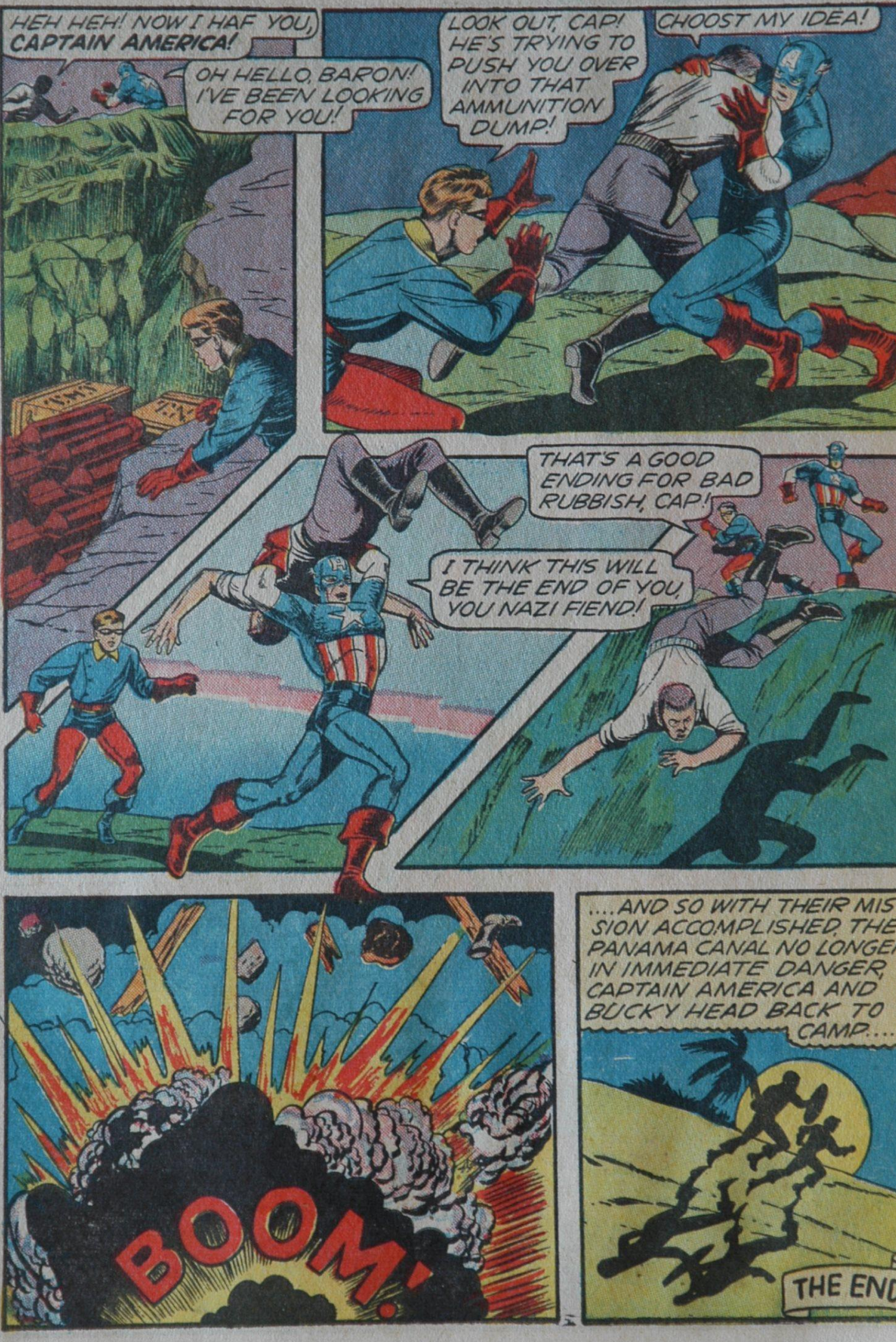
AROUND THE SWAMPY LAKE SHORE, CAP AND BUCKY PLUNGE AFTER THE FLEEING NAZI!
WHILE ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE--
DER YANKEES HAF AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY ON THIS SIDE OF DER LAKE NEAR GATUN LOCKS!
WE HAF MEN WHO WILL ATTENT TO THAT!
QUICK! DOT CAPTAIN AMERICA UND HIS LITTLE FRIEND FOLLOW ME ACROSS THE LAKE!
IN CASE THAT NAZI AND HIS GANG ARE PLANNING TO AMBUSH US THIS ROUTE WILL BRING US IN BEHIND THEM!
WE HIDE IN DER BUSHES--WHEN THEY COME FROM DER LAKE, WE GRAB THEM!
THERE THEY ARE! WE'LL SURPRISE THEM!
I LET THEM FOLLOW ME SOME MORE!


HIMMEL! DIS LEEDLE YANKEE ISS TOUGH FIGHTER! I THINK I HAF TO MOVE FAST!
YAHOO FRITZ, HERE I COME!
THE ESCAPING NAZI LEADS THE UNSUSPECTING BUCKY RIGHT INTO THE HANDS OF HIS WAITING HENCHMEN WHO OVERPOWERS HIM!
VE TAKE HIM TO DER BARON! MAYBE HE HAS MILITARY INFORMATION!
NOW I'LL FIND OUT WHERE THEIR RADIO STATION IS--HOW WILL I LET CAP KNOW?
UP THROUGH THE HILLS, THE NAZIS LEAD THEIR PRISONER TO BARON VON WIDEMOUTH AT THE MYSTERIOUS RADIO-CONTROL STATION!
BARON VON WIDEMOUTH--HERE IS DER LEEDLE FRIEND OF CAPTAIN AMERICA!
SO YOU'RE THE ONE DIRECTING THIS SABOTAGE!
DOT ISS CORRECT--TONIGHT VE BOMB DER CANAL UND YOU SHALL HAF DER PLEASURE OF WATCHING!
AT DER SIGNAL, I DIRECT DER BIG FLYING BOMB STRAIGHT FOR DER GATUN LOCKS! WHEN IT HITS, DER CANAL IS FINISHED!
A PARACHUTE LYING THERE--AND ROPE! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
I HOPE THEY WON'T WATCH ME TOO CLOSELY WHEN THAT BOMB TAKES OFF!


MEANWHILE--BACK AT THE CANAL ZONE!
THAT'S THE END OF THE GANG IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD--WHY--WHERE'S BUCKY?
CAPTAIN AMERICA HEADS FOR THE CANAL LOCKS TO SEARCH FOR HIS PAL, BUCKY! HE APPROACHES AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY AND TO HIS HORROR, FINDS THE ENTIRE GUN CREW LYING UNCONCIOUS!
THE DEADLY LEWISITE GAS BOMBS AGAIN! THOSE DIRTY NAZIS--AND WITH THIS BATTERY KNOCKED OUT, THE LOCKS ARE UNPROTECTED!
BACK AT THE SECRET NAZI RADIO-CONTROL STATION---
DER FINAL SIGNAL ISS LATE, BUT WE ACT ANYWAY!
THEY'VE FORGOTTEN FOR A MOMENT! WHEN THE PLANE STARTS, I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A RUNNING JUMP!
AND THE FLYING BOMB TAKES OFF!
NOW HEADS DER BOMB STRAIGHT FOR DER GATUN LOCKS TO WIN DER WAR FOR OUR DEAR FUERER---ACH, VOT GOES MIT OUR BOMB?
DOT LEEDLE YANKEE HAS ESCAPED FROM US!
WOW! I'LL HAVE TO CLIMB ON TOP OF THIS SOMEHOW!
AS THE DEADLY RADIO-CONTROLLED BOMB STREAMS THROUGH THE AIR, CAPTAIN AMERICA MANS THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN!
JUST IN TIME--HERE COMES A BOMB!
GOOD HEAVENS! BUCKY IS ON THAT BOMB! IF I SHOOT IT DOWN, I'LL KILL HIM!


NOW WHAT WILL I DO? IF I DON'T STOP THIS THING, THE CANAL WILL BE BLOWN TO BITS!
OH! THERE'S THE ANTI-AIR CRAFT BATTERY! THEY'LL SHOOT DOWN THE BOMB, BUT I'LL BE BLOWN UP! NO, WAIT--A SIGNAL--IT'S CAP!
HE'S GOT A PARACHUTE--I'LL SIGNAL HIM TO JUMP AND THEN I'LL GET THAT BOMB!
WITH THE POWERFUL BEAM FROM THE BATTERY LIGHT, CAPTAIN AMERICA SIGNALS OUT IN MORSE CODE--
B-U-C-K-Y--
J-U-M-P--
Q-U-I-C-K--
AND BUCKY FLOATS TO SAFETY!
JUST A FEW SECONDS LEFT BEFORE THE BOMB WILL STRIKE, BUT WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, CAP AIMS THE GUN AND FIRES!
THE BOMB EXPLODES WITH A MIGHTY ROAR!
BOOM!
THAT'S NO WAY TO LAND, BUCKY, BUT YOU'RE SAFE!
WE SMASHED THAT FLYING BOMB, BUT THERE WILL BE OTHERS! WE'LL HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE RADIO-CONTROL STATION!
COME ON, KID--LEAD THE WAY--WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE!


OVER THE HILLS AND THROUGH THE NIGHT, CAPTAIN AMERICA WITH BUCKY'S GUIDANCE, RACE THE LAIR OF VON WIDEMOUTH!
THEY COME UPON THE NAZI HIDEOUT!
THERE THEY ARE! WE'LL SNEAK UP ON THEM!
SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH THAT FLYING BOMB! DER SUCCESS SIGNALS HAF NOT COME!
NEFFER MIND DER SIGNALS! PREPARE TO DISPATCH TEN OF THESE BIG BOMBS! WE FINISH DER CANAL AT ONE BLOW!
BARON, QUICK! DOT CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS FOUND US!
I FOUND YOU ALRIGHT! NOW WHERE'S THAT BARON?
I KILL DOT CAPTAIN AMERICA, UND THEN I PROCEED MIT DER DER BOMBINGS!


HEH HEH! NOW I HAF YOU, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
OH HELLO, BARON! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU!
LOOK OUT, CAP! HE'S TRYING TO PUSH YOU OVER INTO THAT AMMUNITION DUMP!
CHOOST MY IDEA!
THAT'S A GOOD ENDING FOR BAD RUBBISH, CAP!
I THINK THIS WILL BE THE END OF YOU, YOU NAZI FIEND!
BOOM!
....AND SO WITH THEIR MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, THE PANAMA CANAL NO LONGER IN IMMEDIATE DANGER, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY HEAD BACK TO CAMP.....
THE END

INTRODUCTION . . .

LADY LUCK was on the ground for good. Hardy stood at the door of the make-shift hanger, looking in at where Lady Luck stood, with a fancy coating of dust desecrating her slim wings, her windows scummed over. She wasn't old and she had been a real source of revenue to Hardy. There wasn't much else he knew how to do. For three years now he'd been crop dusting, hauling freight, taking occasional parties up into the mountains for hunting trips, doing odd jobs. But now.

A voice growled. "What's eating you, kid?"

Hardy turned, brushing sandy hair out of his eyes, squinting up at the tall, thin figure before him. Spike was straight up and down, had a queer way of shifting his eyes.

"Nothin'," Hardy muttered. "What's it t'you?"

Spike shrugged thin shoulders, shuffled forward to peer speculatively into the hanger.

"Lady Luck's outta luck, huh?" Spike's lips quirked into a brief grin. "Tough. What're you doing about a job, Kid? Can't live on thin air."

"You're telling me?" Hardy leaned back, hands stuffed into his pockets. He knew Spike; everyone knew him, knew Spike had a little "business" all his own that was paying dividends. Good dividends. In spite of lack of gas, restrictions, so on, Spike kept his planes going all the time. People wondered. "Got to get me a job, I reckon." Hardy found it hard to admit. "Can't do anything else. Reckon the army'll be callin' me up pretty soon—"

"That's a laugh," Spike interrupted. "Why, they've put you outta business, kid. You're grounded because they need gas. For what? Look at them planes from the reservation out there in the hills. Always flying around as if they didn't have anywhere to go. They don't waste gas, not much!"

HARDY TURNED unwillingly to stare away into the hills to where the big Army Reservation had recently gone into being. What Spike said was just about the truth, too.

Hardy admitted, "Danged if I'm going to run to them! They'll have to come and get me! Put me in as a private, I suppose! Scrubbing floors, peeling spuds, traipsing around with a gun over my shoulder—"

"The grub's rotten, I hear!" Spike commented, turning for another look at Lady Luck. "You give her the wrong monicker, kid. Should have been Bum Luck." His loose body sagged against the side of the door as if he were hooked there. "Kid, I been thinking. Maybe I . . could use you!"

Hardy waited, heart hammering. What was Spike leading up to? Was he going to tell Hardy what his business was?

"I need another pilot," Spike said as if sensing Hardy's thoughts. "If you're interested, come down an' see me!"

After Spike was gone Hardy stood in the doorway thinking. He wasn't so sure he liked the idea of flying for Spike. Nobody'd ever been able to find out what Spike did, just as they couldn't find out where he got the gas he used to run his planes. He was right down close to the border and it was possible. . . .

It was in the village toward evening that Hardy encountered Sheriff Cole. The sheriff shouldered Hardy off to one side. "Spike was over to see you. What'd he have to say?"

Hardy admitted, "Talked about working for him—"

The sheriff's dark eyes narrowed and the seams of his face seemed to sink deeper, harder. "Any man who keeps goin' the way Spike does, without letting folks know his business, is doing something crooked! Sooner or later Spike's gonna get himself caught and when that happens . . . I'd hate to see a young feller like you caught with him!"

BUT, A GUY had to eat, had to live. Hardy thought it over carefully another day before coming to a decision.

It was the eating problem that sent Hardy down "below" to see Spike Conlan finally.

"Ready to start work?" Spike wanted to know briefly.

"I am," Hardy said. "Otherwise I wouldn't have come."

Sunlight spilled through the window onto the bare floor of the old farm house. Spike said, "Okay. Now look an' listen. You're gonna haul freight. What it is, is no business of yours. You'll get paid and paid plenty, get me?"

Hardy nodded. Words wouldn't come.

"Okay," Spike said once more. "You'll start across the border. I'll take you there and tell you where to go. An' remember! Mind your business. You deliver the stuff and that's all. Don't get nosy because nosy people, kid, often end up six feet under!"

Hardy made two trips. He

minded his own business, as per instructions. He got his pay and it was good as promised. In a couple of weeks he made more than he used to get for a couple of months' work with Lady Luck. . . .

Maybe it was curiosity. Maybe it was fear. Anyhow, it was his fourth trip for Spike and this time Hardy pulled off course and set down near the edge of the desert. He slid out of the seat. Crawling back to investigate, he was a little surprised and bewildered. His "freight" looked like nothing more nor less than . . . coffins! Pine boxes just about the size of a man's body. . .

Hardy was about to crawl back when he heard the sound. It came from one of the "coffins" and was, unmistakably, the sound of a man coughing! Someone was in them. . . .

Shaking suddenly, Hardy backed out. He knew what Spike's money-making business was. Men were in those coffins . . live men . . . spies. . . .

Someone snarled, "Get this crate going! Bud, you've made the last mistake you'll ever make. You're . . finished!"

HARDY'S HANDS steadied as he slid back into the seat and gunned the motor gently. He took a chance, peered over to find a cold hard face staring back, one of Spike's guys probably planted in a coffin just to check. No doubt he was armed. . . .

It was, Hardy told himself gloomily, a bad mess. Inadvertently he'd stumbled upon the secret of Spike's business. Smuggling. And at the same time he'd put both feet into trouble.

Hardy's captor backed away and when Hardy took another look, he was sitting with his back against the coffins. He was smoking but his eyes were hard, didn't miss anything.

Off to the west was the Army Reservation. For the first time, Hardy thought of it as more than just the instrument by which he'd been deprived of a way of living. He thought of it now as a possible way to live, if it could be handled! Something had to be done before they landed at the "base" up in the mountains. Once there, it would be curtains for Hardy and he knew it. But as long as he remained at the controls. . .

The man came to life suddenly with a snarl of protest, as Hardy shoved the big freighter hard toward the Reservation.

"That ain't where we're going!" the man snarled. "Look, you—"

Hardy knew the fellow had pulled a gun. Out to their left a slim fighter slid through the sky like a blade of grey steel, swinging and banking and Hardy knew they'd been spotted.

"Take it easy," Hardy warned. "You plug me and this thing's going straight down. You'll be in it when it lands!"

"You double crossing—"

Hardy saw the gun then, at the same time that the fighter burst into view, circling them again. At the same instant, below to the left, Hardy's eye spotted the reservation. Down there were anti-aircraft guns. .

The man jerked the gun up. Simultaneously Hardy slammed the stick over and as the heavy freighter lurched sidewise and shot down, the gunman was hurled back. The revolver roared in the narrow confines of the cabin. The bullet ripped through the fleshy part of Hardy's shoulder. The gunman crumpled up in a corner, his heavy body twisted oddly.

With an effort Hardy righted the big ship. They were almost on the ground when he straightened her out. The field was before him, there was nothing to do but land. He was feeling funny. . . .

HARDY CAME OUT of his fog to find himself on the ground, while someone who didn't look like a doctor at all in his smart uniform, worked deftly over the ragged gash the bullet had torn.

Later, Hardy was in an office and the man behind the desk was telling him to sit down. A little name plate said Captain W. S. Bright.

"You've got a lot of explaining to do," Captain Bright told Hardy quietly.

Hardy hesitated. There was, he knew, no way out. Slowly he recounted what had happened . . . or almost everything.

"Why did you work for Spike Conlan?"

"My ship's grounded. I can't get gas. I had to live—"

"What's the matter with the Air Corps?"

Hardy said sharply, "Bunk! A guy has to scrub floors and peel spuds—"

Captain Bright laughed. "I've peeled spuds. *And* scrubbed floors. We all do that when we start. You've got a good record—"

"Record?" Hardy echoed. "How do you know?"

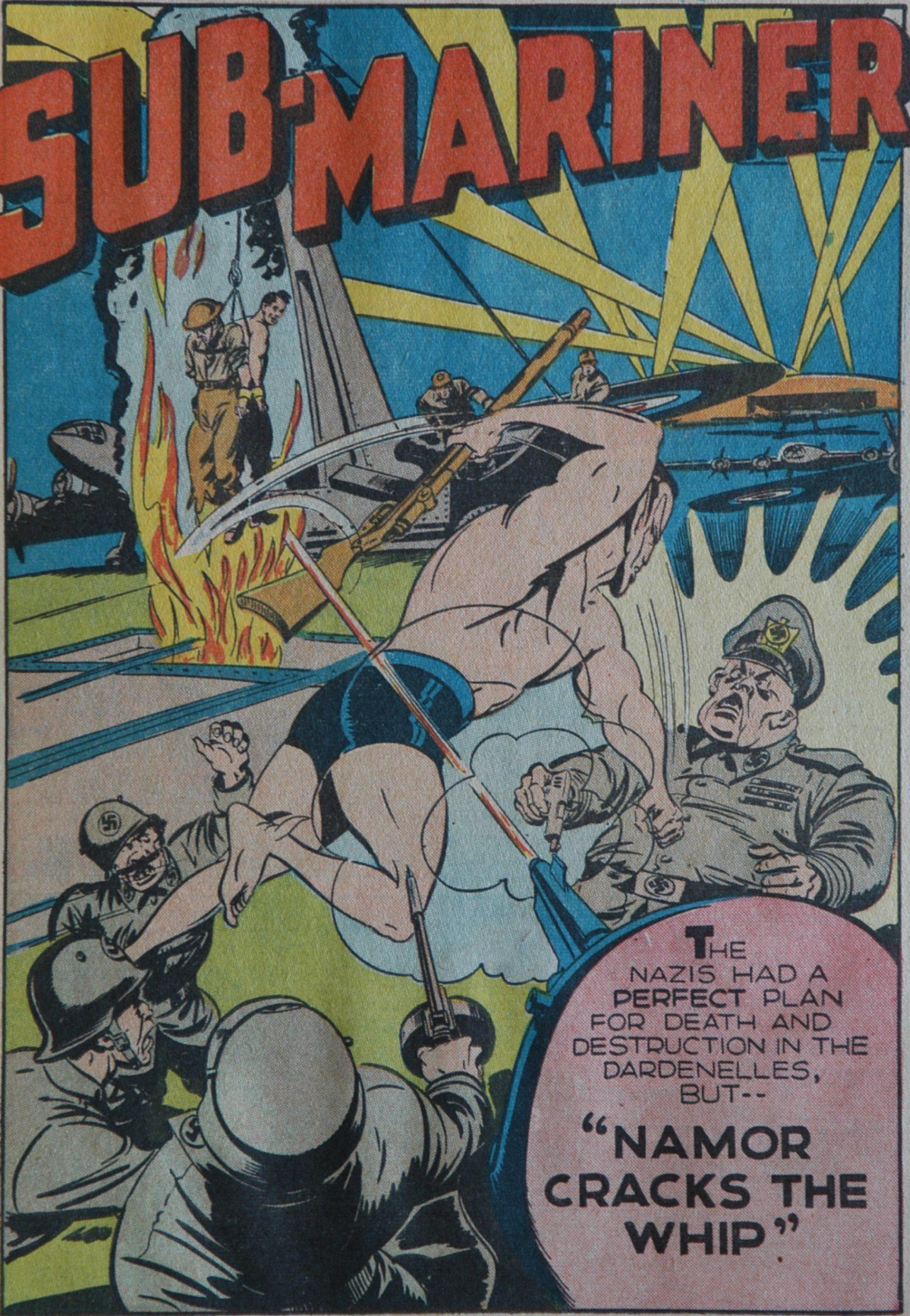
"Sheriff Cole," Captain Bright answered. "Before he started out with a posse to get Spike and the others, he assured me that you were okay.

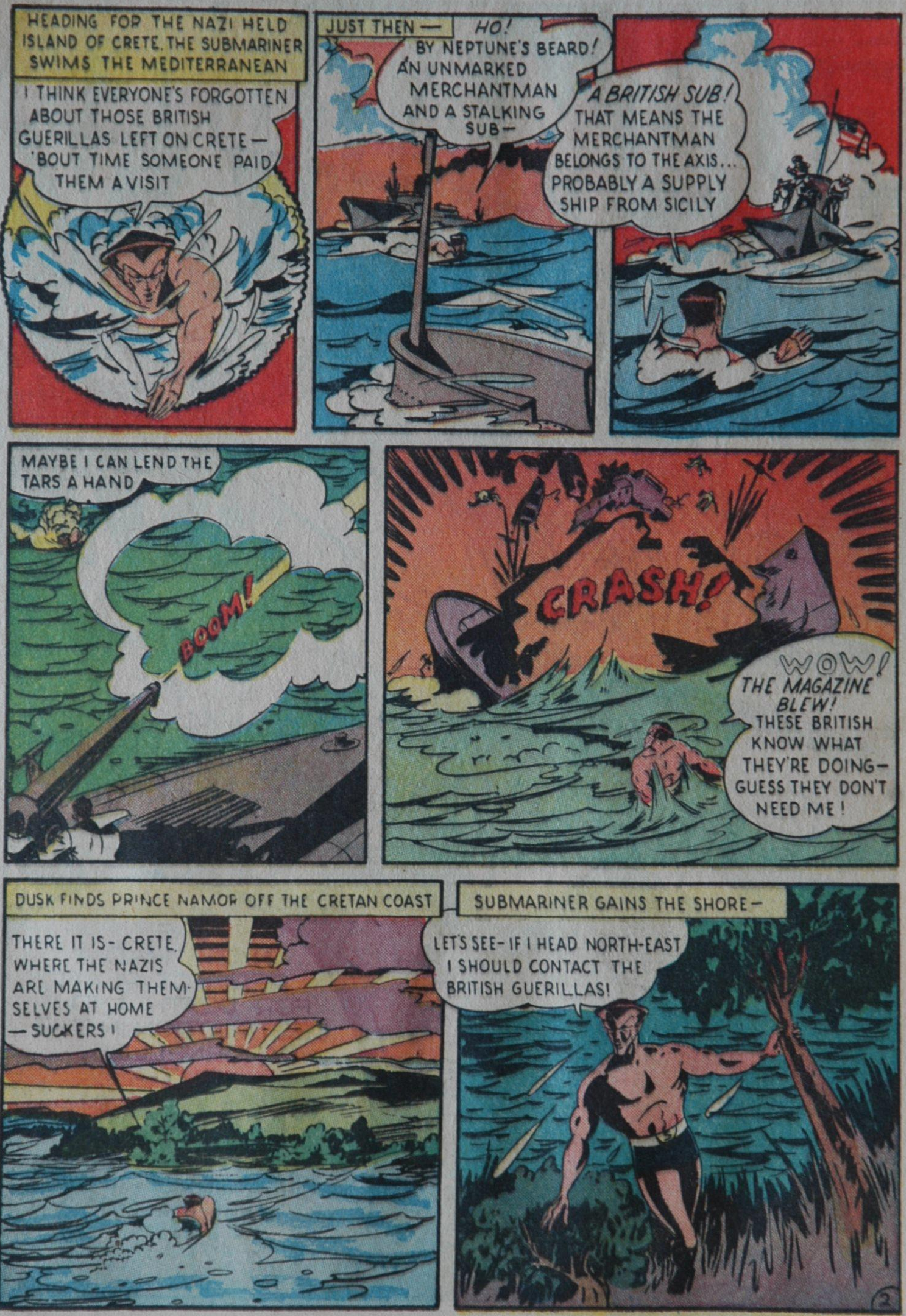
"We want you in the Army, young man. You will make a fine living and we'll see to it that you get all the flying you want. Just say the word and I'll take care of the rest!"

Outside Hardy heard the sharp purr of a high-powered motor in the sky. Automatically a grin formed about his lips. He hated to leave Lady Luck behind but maybe it wouldn't be for long. . . .

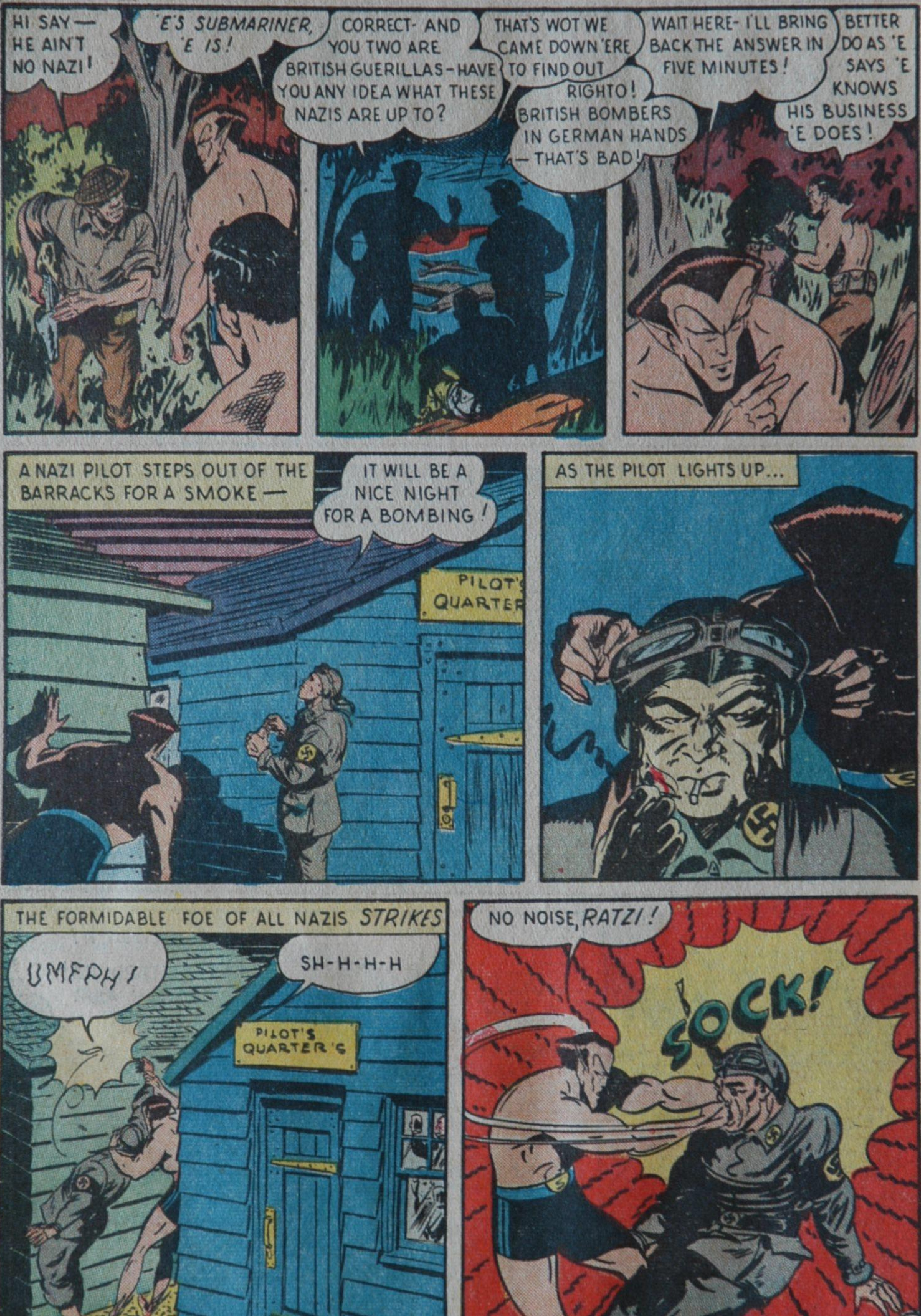
"Okay," he said. "I'll take you up on that. I'll even peel spuds to earn my . . . wings!"

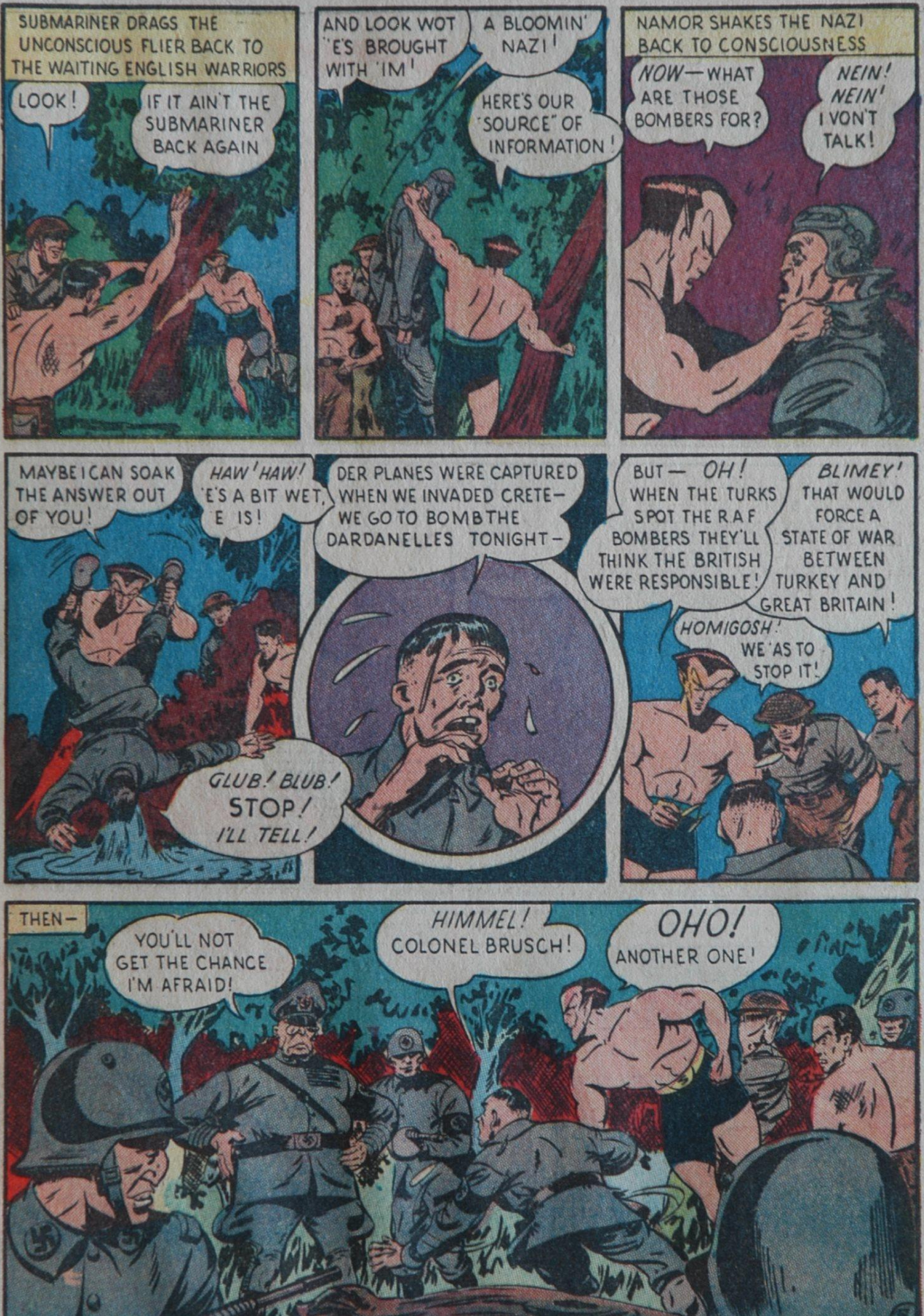
The End.


SUB-MARINER
THE NAZIS HAD A PERFECT PLAN FOR DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN THE DARDENELLES, BUT--
"NAMOR CRACKS THE WHIP."

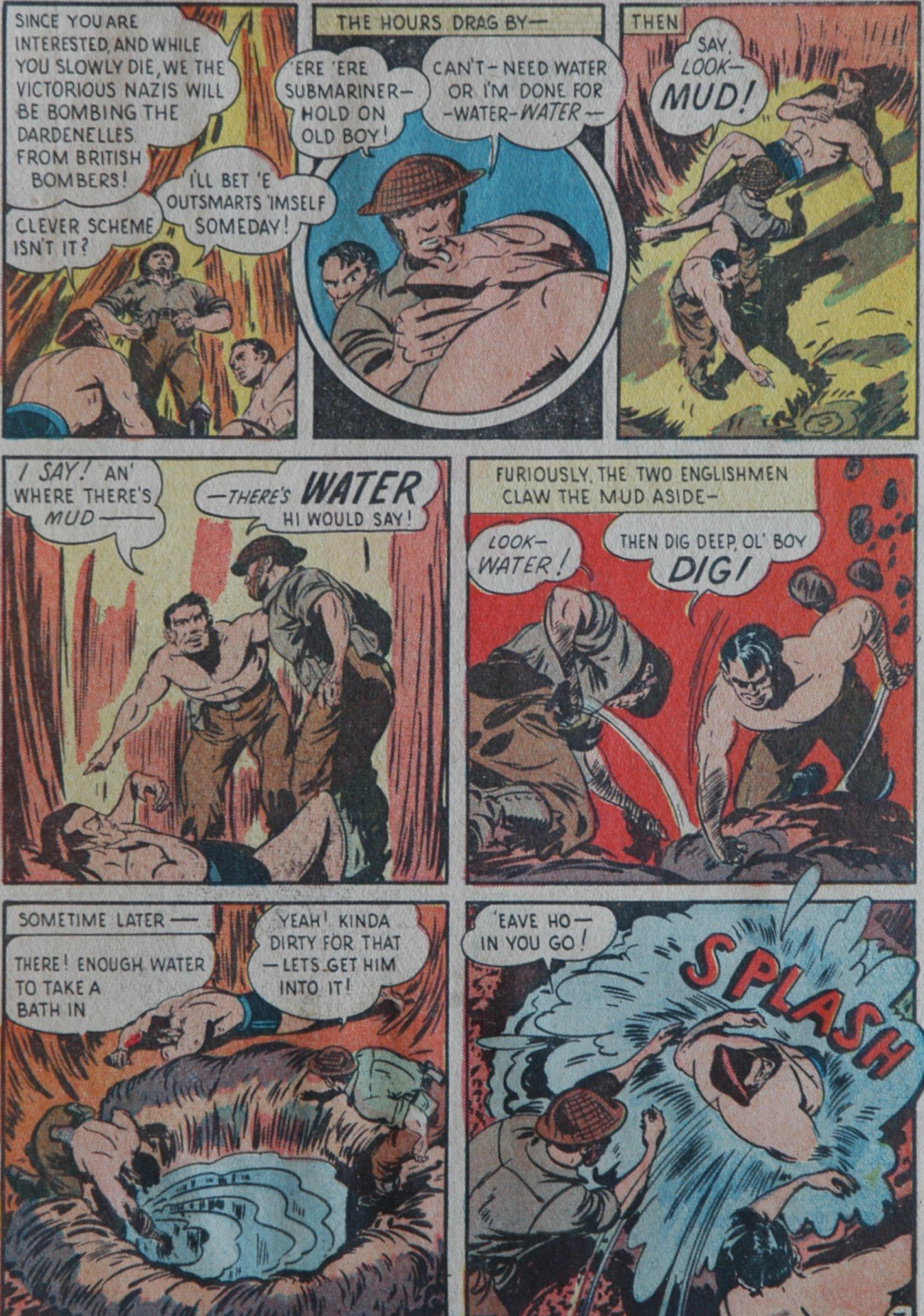

HEADING FOR THE NAZI HELD ISLAND OF CRETE, THE SUBMARINER SWIMS THE MEDITERRANEAN
I THINK EVERYONE'S FORGOTTEN ABOUT THOSE BRITISH GUERILLAS LEFT ON CRETE— 'BOUT TIME SOMEONE PAID THEM A VISIT
JUST THEN—
HO! BY NEPTUNE'S BEARD! AN UNMARKED MERCHANTMAN AND A STALKING SUB—
A BRITISH SUB! THAT MEANS THE MERCHANTMAN BELONGS TO THE AXIS... PROBABLY A SUPPLY SHIP FROM SICILY
MAYBE I CAN LEND THE TARS A HAND
BOOM!
CRASH!
WOW! THE MAGAZINE BLEW! THESE BRITISH KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING— GUESS THEY DON'T NEED ME!
DUSK FINDS PRINCE NAMOR OFF THE CRETAN COAST
THERE IT IS- CRETE, WHERE THE NAZIS ARE MAKING THEMSELVES AT HOME —SUCKERS!
SUBMARINER GAINS THE SHORE—
LET'S SEE- IF I HEAD NORTH-EAST I SHOULD CONTACT THE BRITISH GUERILLAS!

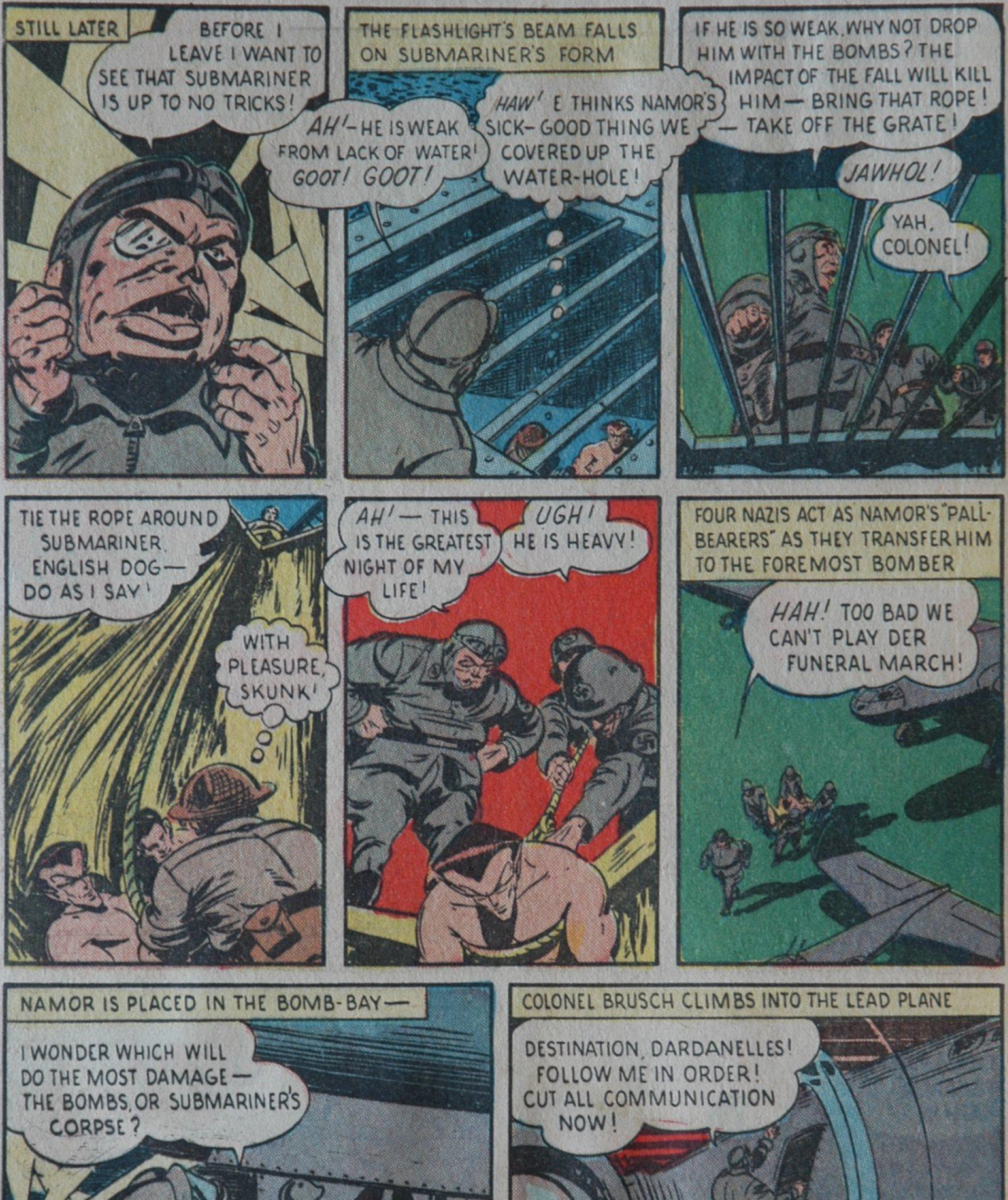
SUBMARINER MOVES INLAND
WHEW! PITCH-BLACK AND NOT A SIGN OF LIFE H-M-M— NOT SO BLACK
THERE ARE LIGHTS AHEAD— WONDER IF THAT COULD BE A GUERILLA CAMP?
PUSHING ON TOWARD THE SOURCE OF THE LIGHT, NAMOR STEPS INTO A CLEARING
WHAT GOES ON HERE?
NAZI MECHANICS TUNING UP BRITISH BOMBERS!
SOMETHING SINISTER BEHIND THIS —— OH!
SENSING THE APPROACH OF SOMEONE, NAMOR WHIRLS
QUIET, OR HI SHOOT!
BLIMEY! YOU 'EARD 'IM! UP WITH YOUR 'ANDS!
3


HI SAY— HE AIN'T NO NAZI!
'E'S SUBMARINER, 'E IS!
CORRECT- AND YOU TWO ARE BRITISH GUERILLAS-HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT THESE NAZIS ARE UP TO?
THAT'S WOT WE CAME DOWN 'ERE TO FIND OUT
RIGHTO! BRITISH BOMBERS IN GERMAN HANDS —THAT'S BAD!
WAIT HERE- I'LL BRING BACK THE ANSWER IN FIVE MINUTES!
BETTER DO AS 'E SAYS 'E KNOWS HIS BUSINESS 'E DOES!
A NAZI PILOT STEPS OUT OF THE BARRACKS FOR A SMOKE—
IT WILL BE A NICE NIGHT FOR A BOMBING!
PILOT'S QUARTER
AS THE PILOT LIGHTS UP...
THE FORMIDABLE FOE OF ALL NAZIS STRIKES
UMFPH!
SH-H-H-H
PILOT'S QUARTER'S
NO NOISE, RATZI!
SOCK!
4


SUBMARINER DRAGS THE UNCONSCIOUS FLIER BACK TO THE WAITING ENGLISH WARRIORS
LOOK!
IF IT AIN'T THE SUBMARINER BACK AGAIN
AND LOOK WOT 'E'S BROUGHT WITH 'IM'
A BLOOMIN' NAZI!
HERE'S OUR "SOURCE" OF INFORMATION!
NAMOR SHAKES THE NAZI BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS
NOW—WHAT ARE THOSE BOMBERS FOR?
NEIN! NEIN! I VON'T TALK!
MAYBE I CAN SOAK THE ANSWER OUT OF YOU!
HAW! HAW! 'E'S A BIT WET, 'E IS!
GLUB! BLUB! STOP! I'LL TELL!
DER PLANES WERE CAPTURED WHEN WE INVADED CRETE— WE GO TO BOMB THE DARDANELLES TONIGHT—
BUT— OH! WHEN THE TURKS SPOT THE R.A.F. BOMBERS THEY'LL THINK THE BRITISH WERE RESPONSIBLE!
BLIMEY! THAT WOULD FORCE A STATE OF WAR BETWEEN TURKEY AND GREAT BRITAIN!
HOMIGOSH! WE 'AS TO STOP IT!
THEN—
YOU'LL NOT GET THE CHANCE I'M AFRAID!
HIMMEL! COLONEL BRUSCH!
OHO! ANOTHER ONE!

SHOOT THE TRAITOR WHO COULDN'T KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT
NO! PLEASE! -AGHRrr-
JA!
RA-TA-TA TA-TA TA-TA-TA-TA-
WITH VIOLENT FURY, NAMOR LUNGES FOR THE NAZIS
WHY YOU-
STOP! ONE MOVE, HERR SUBMARINER, AND YOUR BRITISH COMRADES DIE!
DON'T LET THAT STOP YOU, LAD!
BUT NAMOR WILL NOT SACRIFICE THE BRITISH SOLDIERS LIVES — HE SUBMITS TO CAPTURE
NO PRISON WILL HOLD ME!
I KNOW THAT — I HAVE OTHER PLANS
SUCH AS A DEEP, DARK PIT!
HEY!
BLIMEY!
THE THREE COMRADES PLUNGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE PIT
I DIDN'T COUNT ON THIS! THEY'RE PLACING AN IRON GRATE OVER THE TOP!
THIS IS ONE BLOOMIN' PREDICAMENT!
HAH! YOU, HERR MARINER! - WILL SLOWLY LOSE YOUR STRENGTH FROM LACK OF WATER- YOUR FRIENDS WILL STARVE TO DEATH! HAH! HAH! HAH!

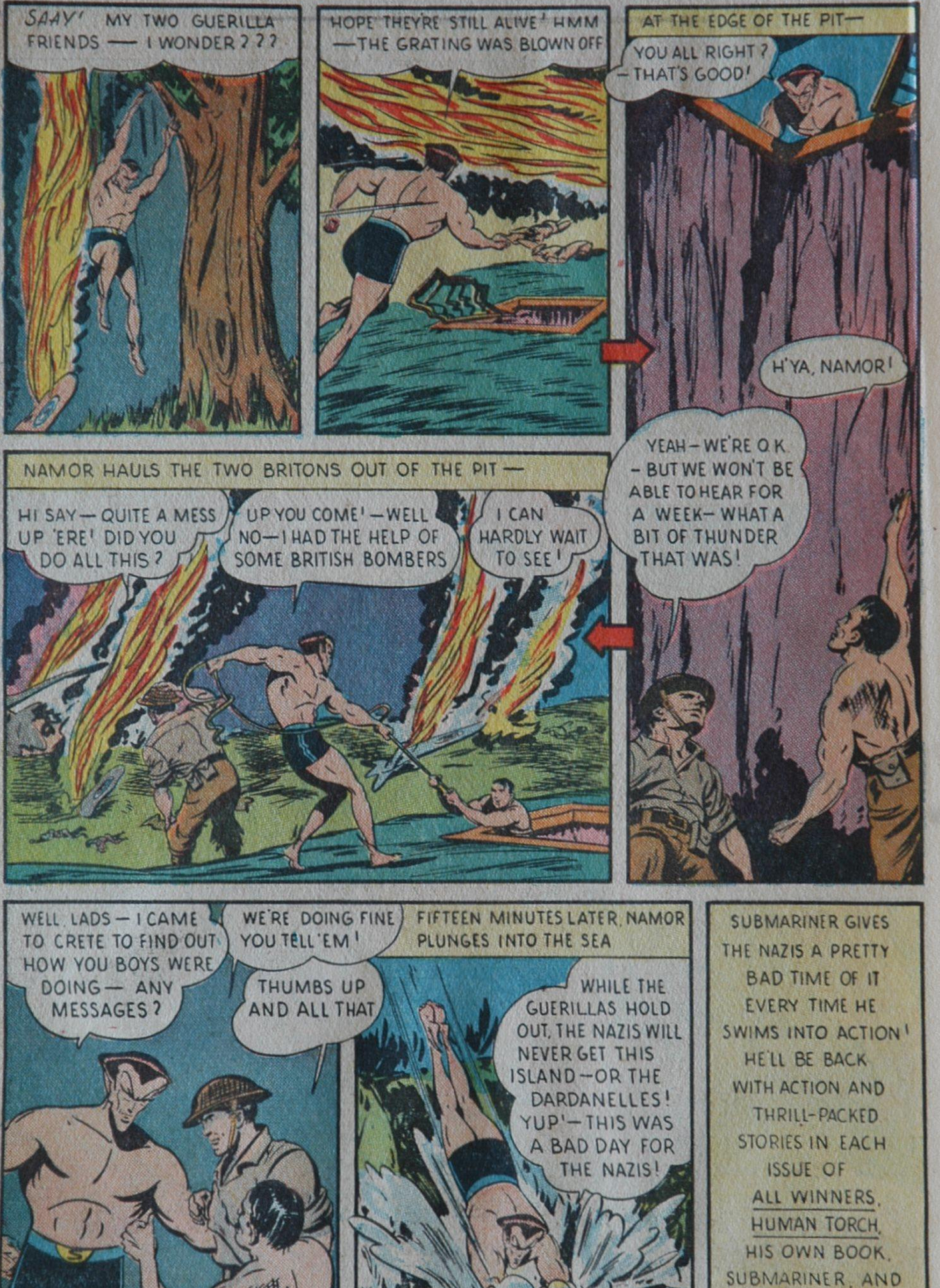

SINCE YOU ARE INTERESTED, AND WHILE YOU SLOWLY DIE, WE THE VICTORIOUS NAZIS WILL BE BOMBING THE DARDENELLES FROM BRITISH BOMBERS!
CLEVER SCHEME ISN'T IT?
I'LL BET 'E OUTSMARTS 'IMSELF SOMEDAY!
THE HOURS DRAG BY—
'ERE 'ERE SUBMARINER— HOLD ON OLD BOY!
CAN'T—NEED WATER OR I'M DONE FOR —WATER—*WATER*—
THEN
SAY. *LOOK*— **MUD!**
I SAY! AN' WHERE THERE'S *MUD*——
—*THERE'S* **WATER** HI WOULD SAY!
FURIOUSLY, THE TWO ENGLISHMEN CLAW THE MUD ASIDE—
LOOK— WATER!
THEN DIG DEEP, OL' BOY **DIG!**
SOMETIME LATER —
THERE! ENOUGH WATER TO TAKE A BATH IN
YEAH! KINDA DIRTY FOR THAT —LETS GET HIM INTO IT!
'EAVE HO— IN YOU GO!
SPLASH


STILL LATER
BEFORE I LEAVE I WANT TO SEE THAT SUBMARINER IS UP TO NO TRICKS!
THE FLASHLIGHT'S BEAM FALLS ON SUBMARINER'S FORM
AH!—HE IS WEAK FROM LACK OF WATER! GOOT! GOOT!
HAW! E THINKS NAMOR'S SICK—GOOD THING WE COVERED UP THE WATER-HOLE!
IF HE IS SO WEAK, WHY NOT DROP HIM WITH THE BOMBS? THE IMPACT OF THE FALL WILL KILL HIM—BRING THAT ROPE! —TAKE OFF THE GRATE!
JAWHOL!
YAH, COLONEL!
TIE THE ROPE AROUND SUBMARINER, ENGLISH DOG—DO AS I SAY!
WITH PLEASURE, SKUNK!
AH!—THIS IS THE GREATEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE!
UGH! HE IS HEAVY!
FOUR NAZIS ACT AS NAMOR'S "PALL-BEARERS" AS THEY TRANSFER HIM TO THE FOREMOST BOMBER
HAH! TOO BAD WE CAN'T PLAY DER FUNERAL MARCH!
NAMOR IS PLACED IN THE BOMB-BAY—
I WONDER WHICH WILL DO THE MOST DAMAGE—THE BOMBS, OR SUBMARINER'S CORPSE?
COLONEL BRUSCH CLIMBS INTO THE LEAD PLANE
DESTINATION, DARDANELLES! FOLLOW ME IN ORDER! CUT ALL COMMUNICATION NOW!

AS COLONEL BRUSCH EASES INTO HIS SEAT—
GUESS IT'S TIME FOR PRINCE NAMOR TO COME TO LIFE AGAIN— THAT WATER BATH CERTAINLY STRENGTHENED ME!
ZERO HOUR— TAKE OFF!
YOU WON'T TAKE OFF— BECAUSE I "TAKE OVER"!
JAWHOL!
NAMOR TAPS THE COLONEL GENTLY
YAH, HERMANN— WHAT IS IT?
I SAID NOTHING, HERR COLONEL
THAT'S RIGHT— HE DIDN'T!
KLONK!
ONE SIDE, UNCONSCIOUS — I'LL BE THE PILOT NOW
WITH NAMOR AT THE CONTROLS OF THE LEAD PLANE, THE OTHERS FOLLOW FOR THE TAKE-OFF
NOW FOR A LITTLE *SURPRISE*—
NAMOR PUTS ON THE WING FLAPS AND WHEEL BRAKES — THE PLANE SKIDS
THE OTHERS HAVE ENOUGH SPEED NOW— *TIME FOR MY EXIT!*

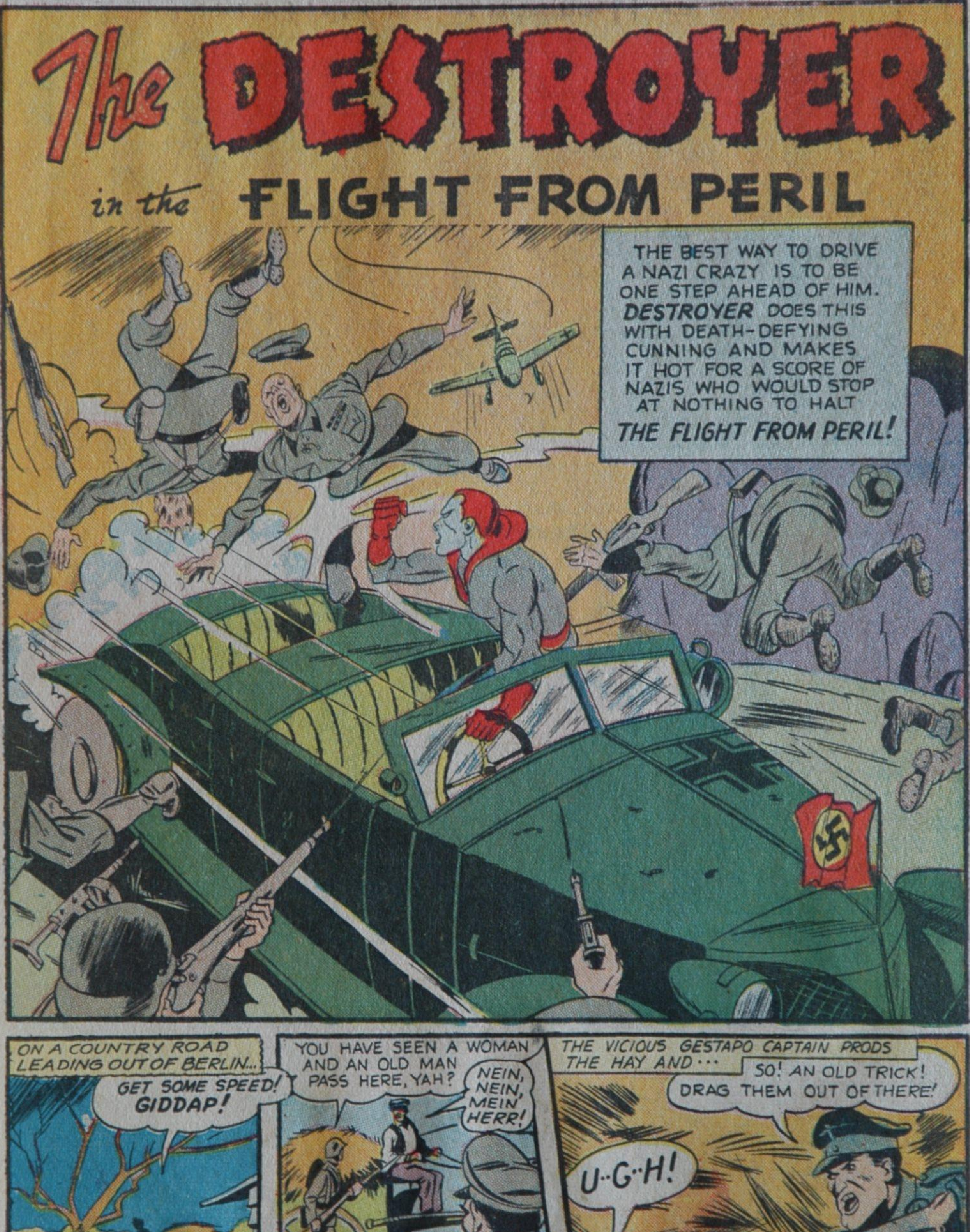
NAMOR LEAPS
THE FAST MOVING SHIPS TEAR INTO THE FIRST PLANE —THERE IS THE SOUND OF RIPPING METAL —*THEN*—
WOW!
CRACK!
CRASH!
THE BOMB BAYS EXPLODE!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
WHOOM

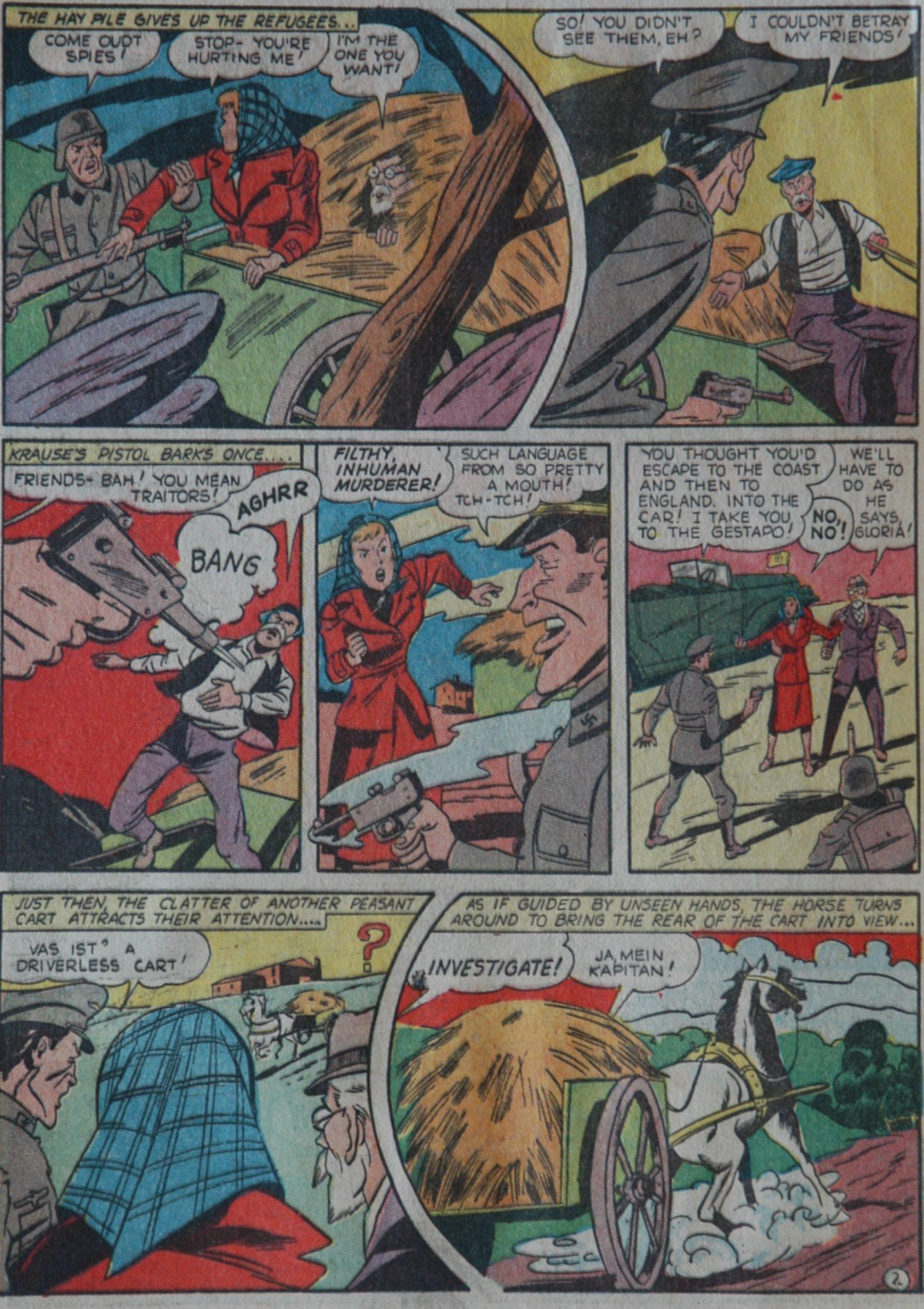
THE CONCUSSION'S GOT ME!
SWISH!
PRINCE NAMOR'S FIGURE TUMBLES OVER AND OVER AS THE VIOLENT FORCE SENDS HIM SKYWARD—
OWEEEEEEEE
BANG!
BOOM!
AND HE LANDS AMONG THE BOUGHS OF A TREE
OW-W!
THE EXPLOSIONS SUBSIDE—
WHOOSH! THAT WAS SOME JOY-RIDE
PRINCE NAMOR VIEWS THE FIELD— DESTRUCTION, DESOLATION AND DEATH IS EVERYWHERE!
EVERYONE WAS KILLED BY THE CONCUSSION —WHAT A BLAST— WHAT A MESS!

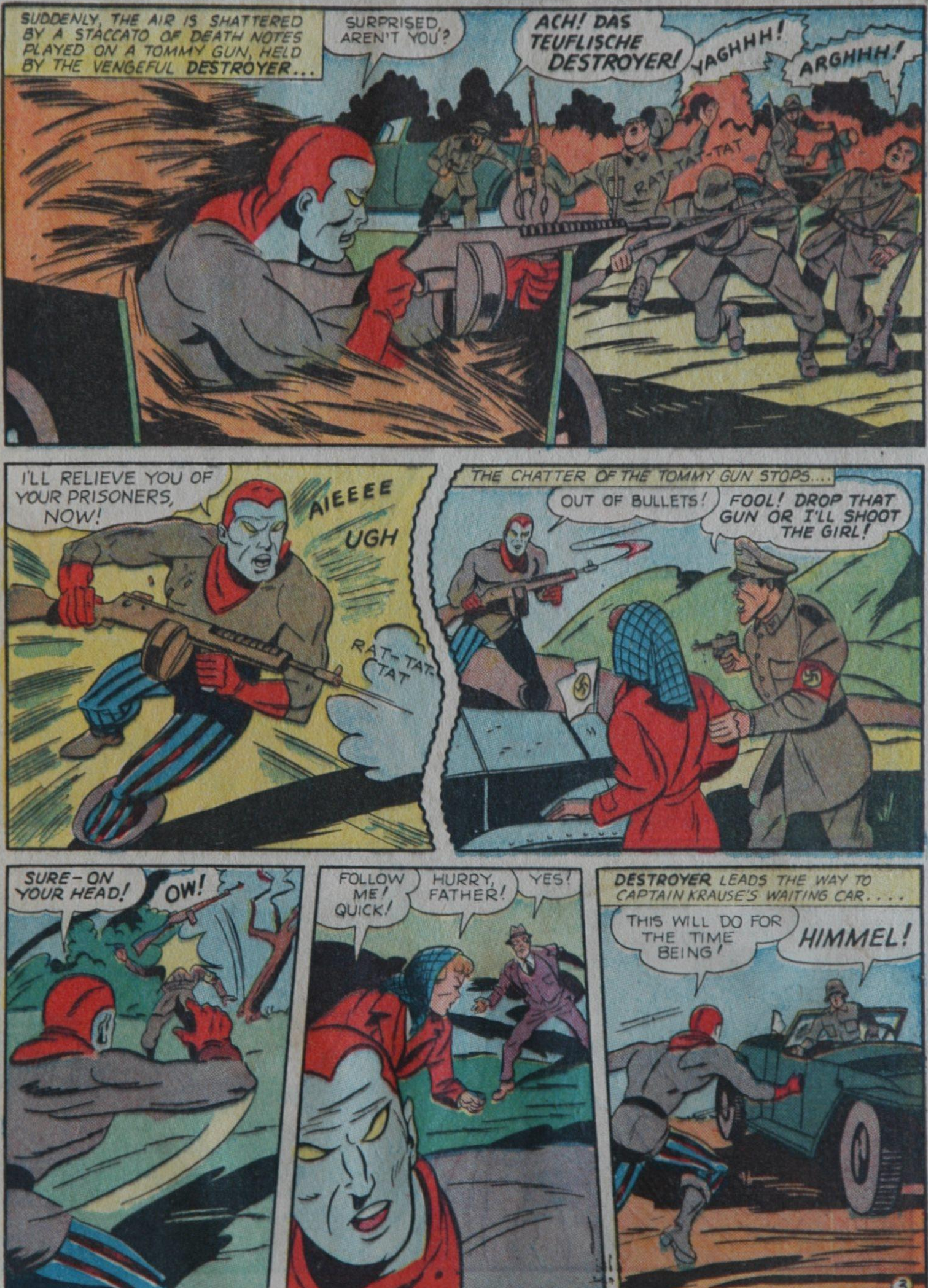

SAAY! MY TWO GUERILLA FRIENDS — I WONDER???
HOPE THEY'RE STILL ALIVE! HMM —THE GRATING WAS BLOWN OFF
AT THE EDGE OF THE PIT—
YOU ALL RIGHT? —THAT'S GOOD!
H'YA, NAMOR!
YEAH—WE'RE O.K. —BUT WE WON'T BE ABLE TO HEAR FOR A WEEK—WHAT A BIT OF THUNDER THAT WAS!
NAMOR HAULS THE TWO BRITONS OUT OF THE PIT—
HI SAY—QUITE A MESS UP 'ERE! DID YOU DO ALL THIS?
UP YOU COME! —WELL NO—I HAD THE HELP OF SOME BRITISH BOMBERS
I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE!
WELL LADS—I CAME TO CRETE TO FIND OUT HOW YOU BOYS WERE DOING— ANY MESSAGES?
WE'RE DOING FINE YOU TELL 'EM!
THUMBS UP AND ALL THAT
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, NAMOR PLUNGES INTO THE SEA
WHILE THE GUERILLAS HOLD OUT, THE NAZIS WILL NEVER GET THIS ISLAND—OR THE DARDANELLES! YUP!—THIS WAS A BAD DAY FOR THE NAZIS!
SUBMARINER GIVES THE NAZIS A PRETTY BAD TIME OF IT EVERY TIME HE SWIMS INTO ACTION! HE'LL BE BACK WITH ACTION AND THRILL-PACKED STORIES IN EACH ISSUE OF ALL WINNERS, HUMAN TORCH, HIS OWN BOOK, SUBMARINER, AND EVERY MONTH IN MARVEL

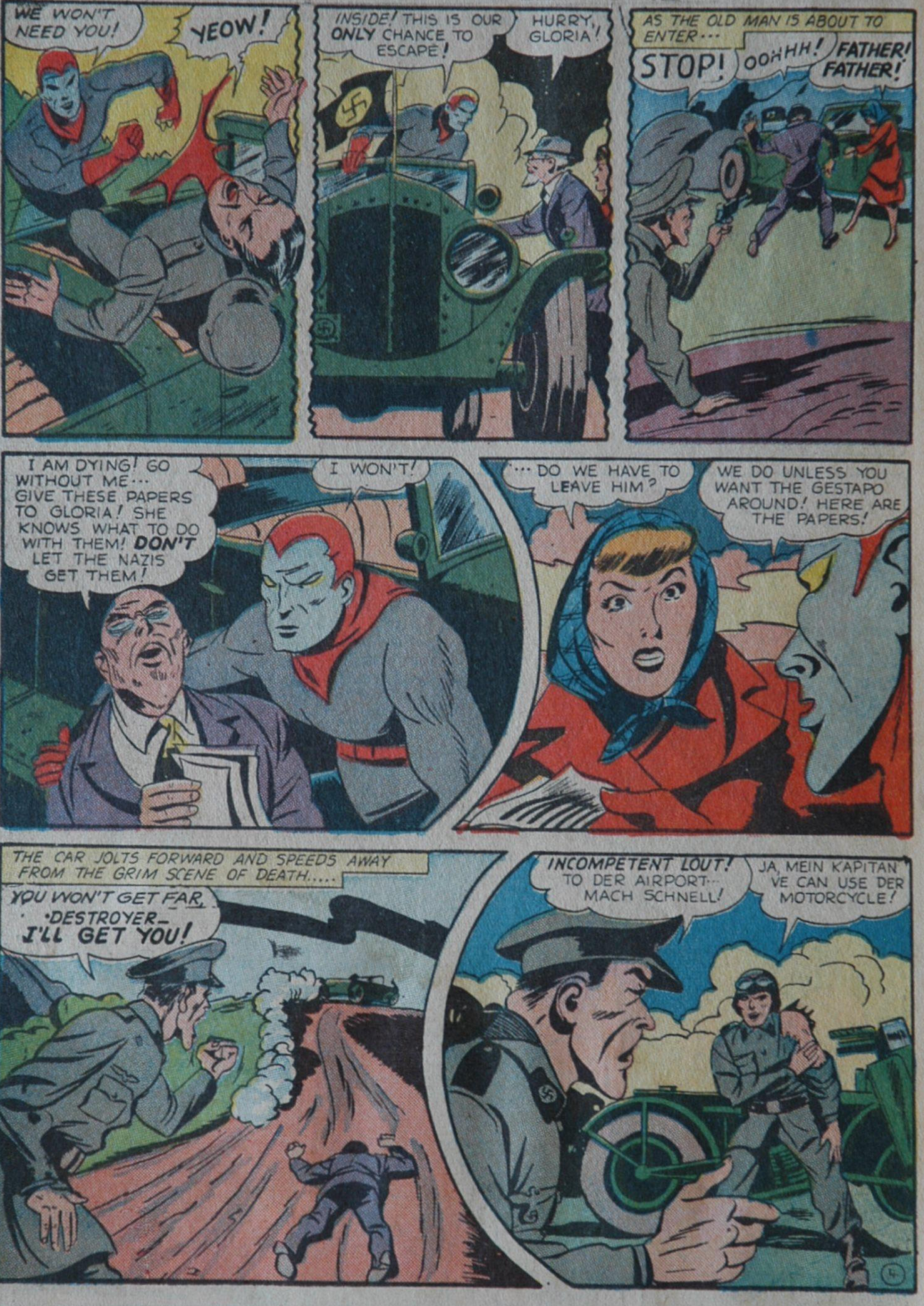
The DESTROYER

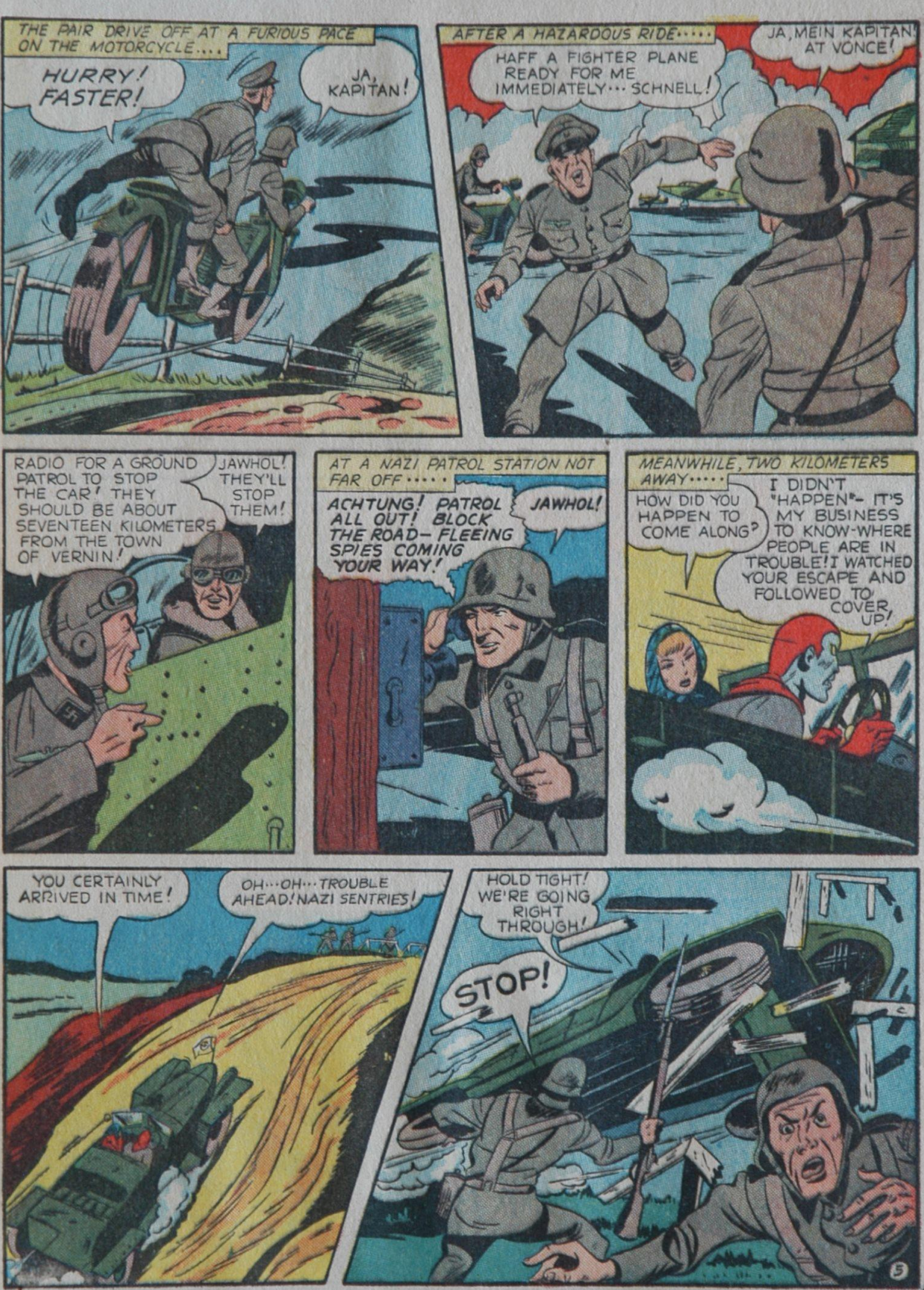
in the FLIGHT FROM PERIL

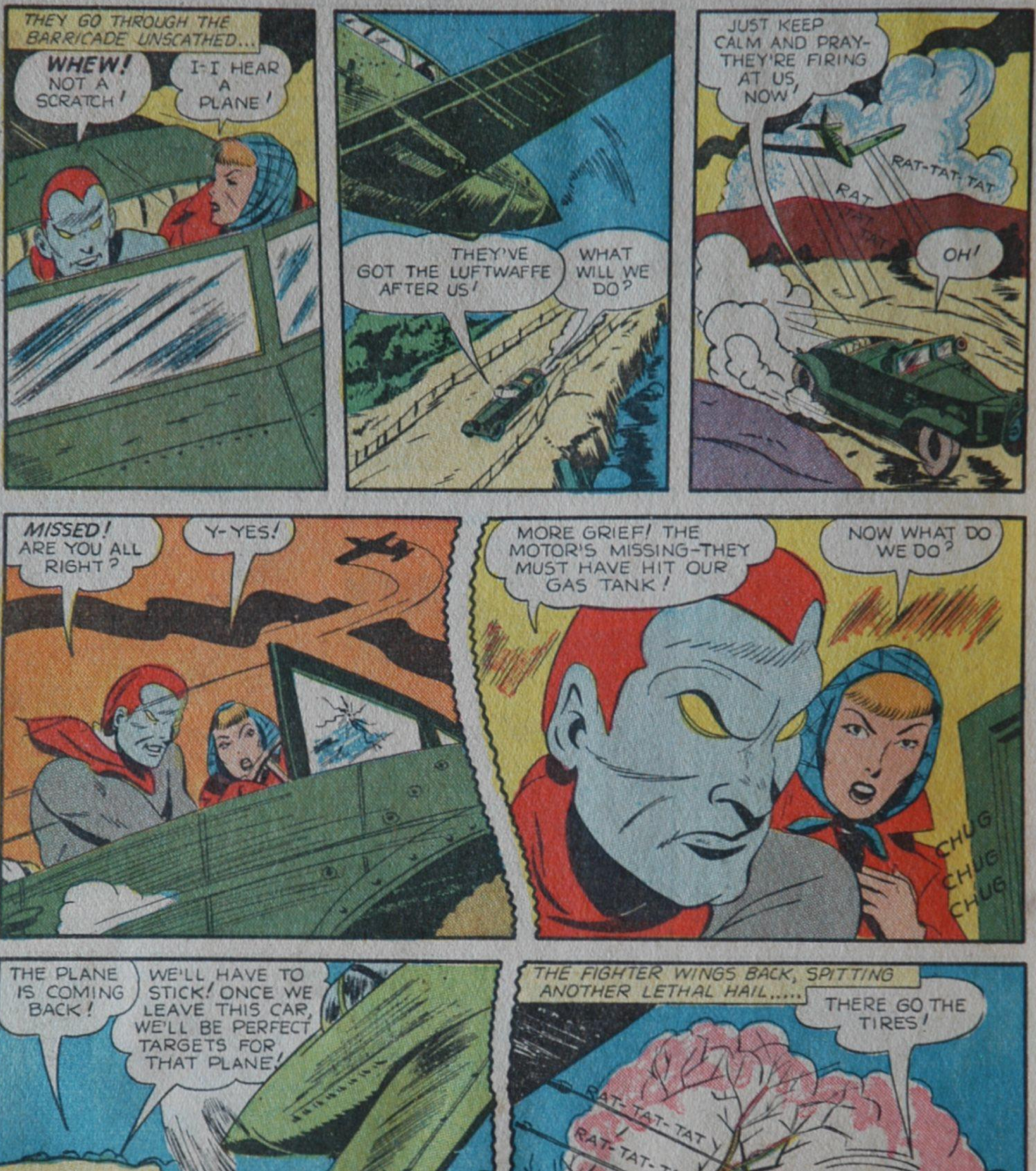

THE BEST WAY TO DRIVE A NAZI CRAZY IS TO BE ONE STEP AHEAD OF HIM. DESTROYER DOES THIS WITH DEATH-DEFYING CUNNING AND MAKES IT HOT FOR A SCORE OF NAZIS WHO WOULD STOP AT NOTHING TO HALT THE FLIGHT FROM PERIL!
ON A COUNTRY ROAD LEADING OUT OF BERLIN...
GET SOME SPEED! GIDDAP!
YOU HAVE SEEN A WOMAN AND AN OLD MAN PASS HERE, YAH?
NEIN, NEIN, MEIN HERR!
THE VICIOUS GESTAPO CAPTAIN PRODS THE HAY AND...
SO! AN OLD TRICK! DRAG THEM OUT OF THERE!
U-G-H!

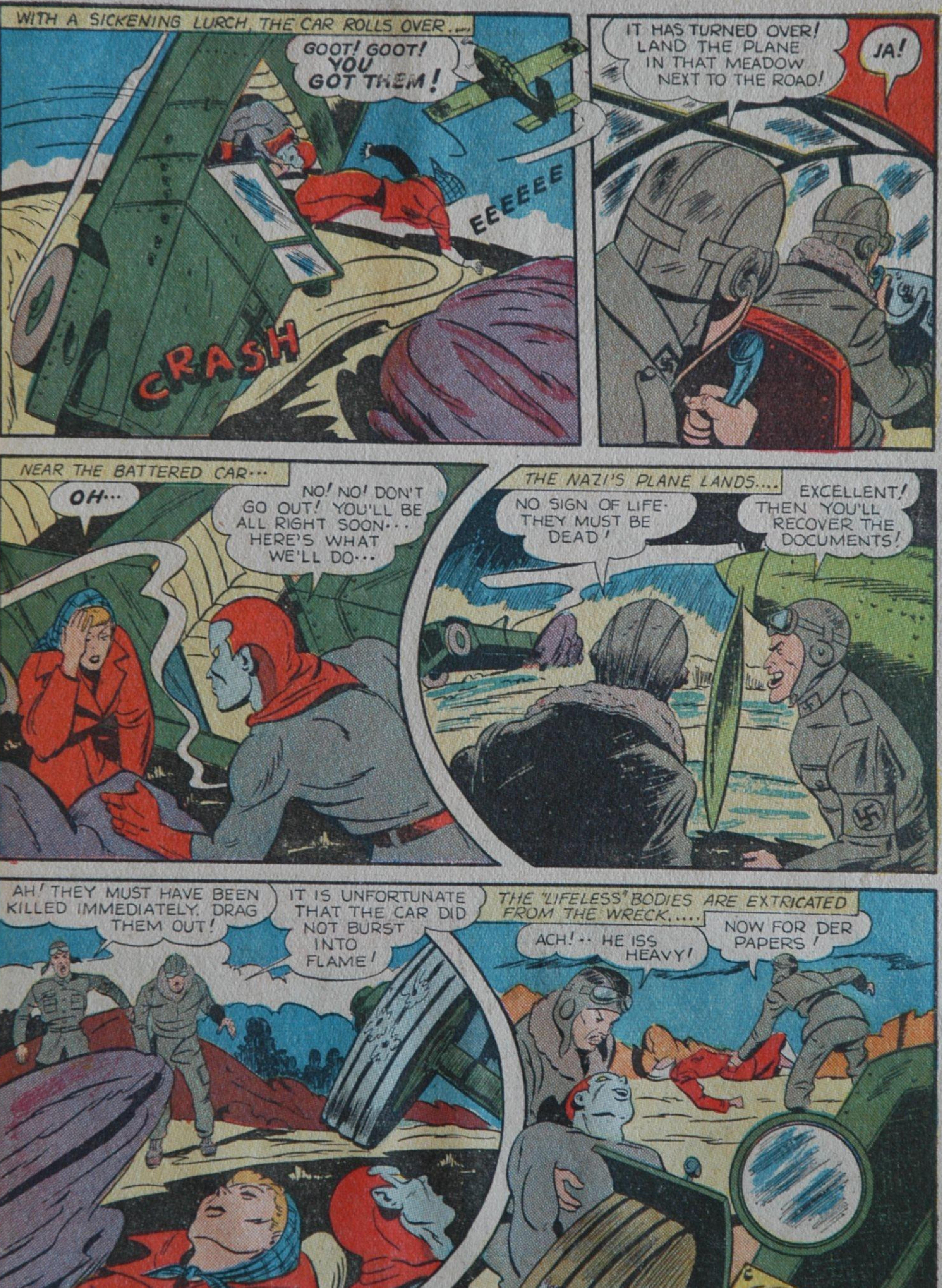

THE HAY PILE GIVES UP THE REFUGEES...
COME OUDT SPIES!
STOP- YOU'RE HURTING ME!
I'M THE ONE YOU WANT!
SO! YOU DIDN'T SEE THEM, EH?
I COULDN'T BETRAY MY FRIENDS!
KRAUSE'S PISTOL BARKS ONCE....
FRIENDS- BAH! YOU MEAN TRAITORS!
AGHRR
BANG
FILTHY, INHUMAN MURDERER!
SUCH LANGUAGE FROM SO PRETTY A MOUTH! TCH-TCH!
YOU THOUGHT YOU'D ESCAPE TO THE COAST AND THEN TO ENGLAND. INTO THE CAR! I TAKE YOU TO THE GESTAPO!
NO, NO!
WE'LL HAVE TO DO AS HE SAYS, GLORIA!
JUST THEN, THE CLATTER OF ANOTHER PEASANT CART ATTRACTS THEIR ATTENTION....
VAS IST? A DRIVERLESS CART!
?
AS IF GUIDED BY UNSEEN HANDS, THE HORSE TURNS AROUND TO BRING THE REAR OF THE CART INTO VIEW...
INVESTIGATE!
JA, MEIN KAPITAN!
2

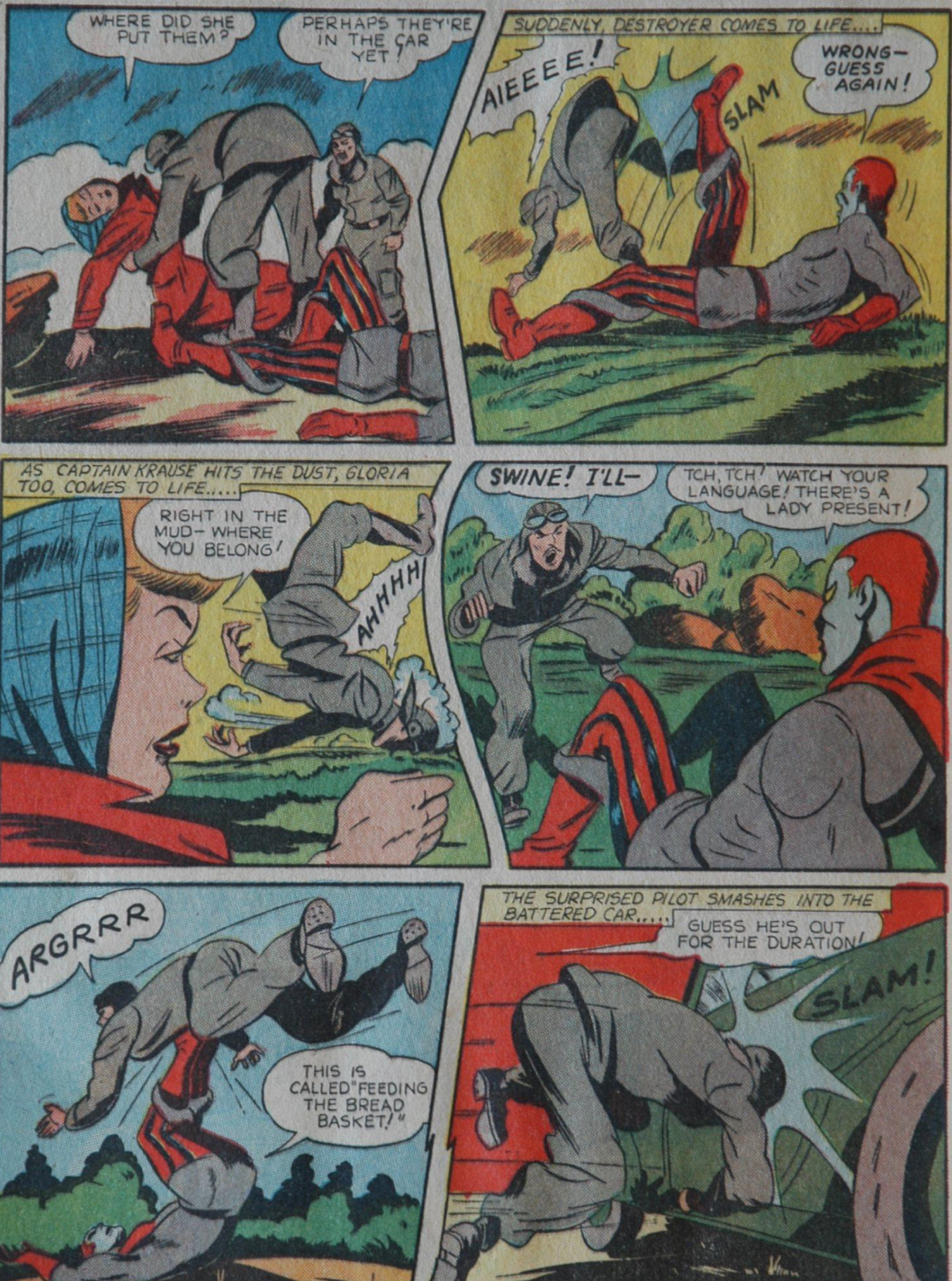

SUDDENLY, THE AIR IS SHATTERED BY A STACCATO OF DEATH NOTES PLAYED ON A TOMMY GUN, HELD BY THE VENGEFUL DESTROYER...
SURPRISED, AREN'T YOU?
ACH! DAS TEUFLISCHE DESTROYER!
YAGHHH!
ARGHHH!
RAT-TAT-TAT
I'LL RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR PRISONERS, NOW!
AIEEEE
UGH
RAT-TAT-TAT
THE CHATTER OF THE TOMMY GUN STOPS...
OUT OF BULLETS!
FOOL! DROP THAT GUN OR I'LL SHOOT THE GIRL!
SURE—ON YOUR HEAD!
OW!
FOLLOW ME! QUICK!
HURRY, FATHER!
YES!
DESTROYER LEADS THE WAY TO CAPTAIN KRAUSE'S WAITING CAR....
THIS WILL DO FOR THE TIME BEING!
HIMMEL!
3


WE WON'T NEED YOU!
YEOW!
INSIDE! THIS IS OUR ONLY CHANCE TO ESCAPE!
HURRY, GLORIA!
AS THE OLD MAN IS ABOUT TO ENTER…
STOP!
OOHHH!
FATHER! FATHER!
I AM DYING! GO WITHOUT ME… GIVE THESE PAPERS TO GLORIA! SHE KNOWS WHAT TO DO WITH THEM! DON'T LET THE NAZIS GET THEM!
I WON'T!
…DO WE HAVE TO LEAVE HIM?
WE DO UNLESS YOU WANT THE GESTAPO AROUND! HERE ARE THE PAPERS!
THE CAR JOLTS FORWARD AND SPEEDS AWAY FROM THE GRIM SCENE OF DEATH….
YOU WON'T GET FAR, DESTROYER– I'LL GET YOU!
INCOMPETENT LOUT! TO DER AIRPORT– MACH SCHNELL!
JA, MEIN KAPITAN VE CAN USE DER MOTORCYCLE!

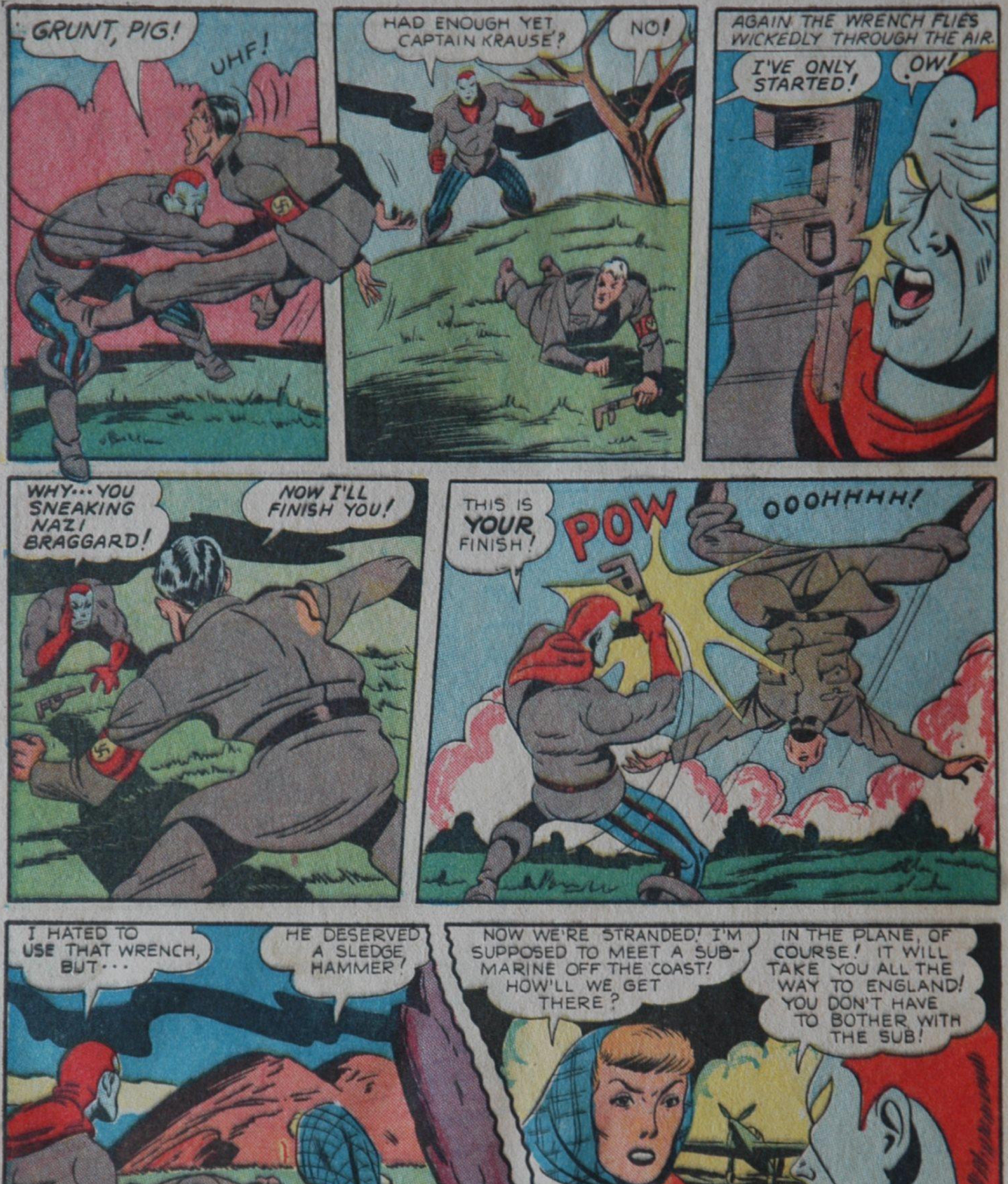

THE PAIR DRIVE OFF AT A FURIOUS PACE ON THE MOTORCYCLE....
HURRY! FASTER!
JA, KAPITAN!
AFTER A HAZARDOUS RIDE.....
HAFF A FIGHTER PLANE READY FOR ME IMMEDIATELY··· SCHNELL!
JA, MEIN KAPITAN! AT VONCE!
RADIO FOR A GROUND PATROL TO STOP THE CAR! THEY SHOULD BE ABOUT SEVENTEEN KILOMETERS FROM THE TOWN OF VERNIN!
JAWHOL! THEY'LL STOP THEM!
AT A NAZI PATROL STATION NOT FAR OFF.....
ACHTUNG! PATROL ALL OUT! BLOCK THE ROAD– FLEEING SPIES COMING YOUR WAY!
JAWHOL!
MEANWHILE, TWO KILOMETERS AWAY.....
HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO COME ALONG?
I DIDN'T "HAPPEN"– IT'S MY BUSINESS TO KNOW-WHERE PEOPLE ARE IN TROUBLE! I WATCHED YOUR ESCAPE AND FOLLOWED TO COVER UP!
YOU CERTAINLY ARRIVED IN TIME!
OH···OH··· TROUBLE AHEAD! NAZI SENTRIES!
HOLD TIGHT! WE'RE GOING RIGHT THROUGH!
STOP!

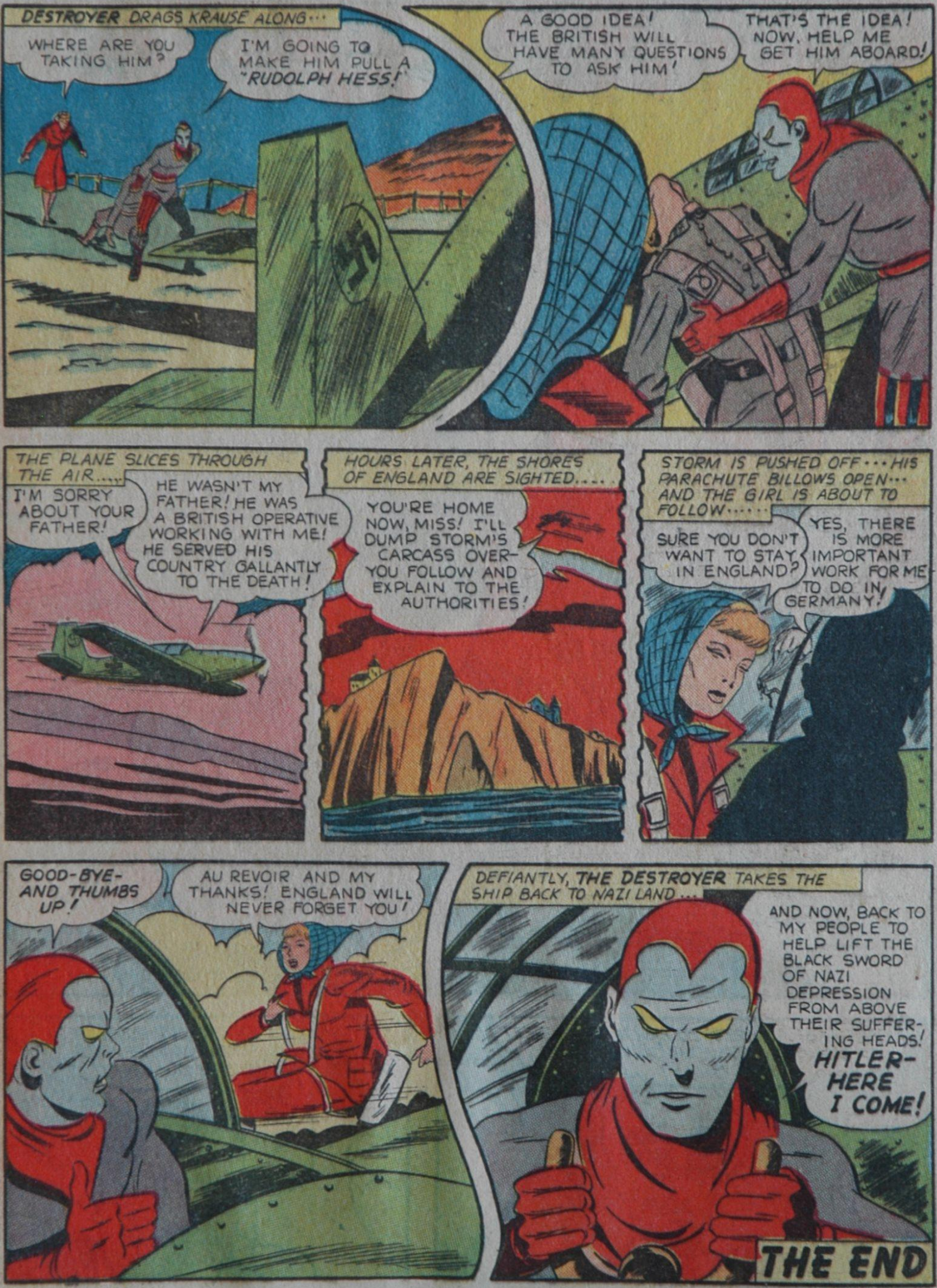

THEY GO THROUGH THE BARRICADE UNSCATHED...
WHEW! NOT A SCRATCH!
I-I HEAR A PLANE!
THEY'VE GOT THE LUFTWAFFE AFTER US!
WHAT WILL WE DO?
JUST KEEP CALM AND PRAY-THEY'RE FIRING AT US, NOW!
RAT-TAT-TAT
RAT TAT TAT
OH!
MISSED! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
Y-YES!
MORE GRIEF! THE MOTOR'S MISSING-THEY MUST HAVE HIT OUR GAS TANK!
NOW WHAT DO WE DO?
CHUG CHUG CHUG
THE PLANE IS COMING BACK!
WE'LL HAVE TO STICK! ONCE WE LEAVE THIS CAR, WE'LL BE PERFECT TARGETS FOR THAT PLANE!
THE FIGHTER WINGS BACK, SPITTING ANOTHER LETHAL HAIL.....
THERE GO THE TIRES!
RAT-TAT-TAT
RAT-TAT-TAT
BANG
BANG

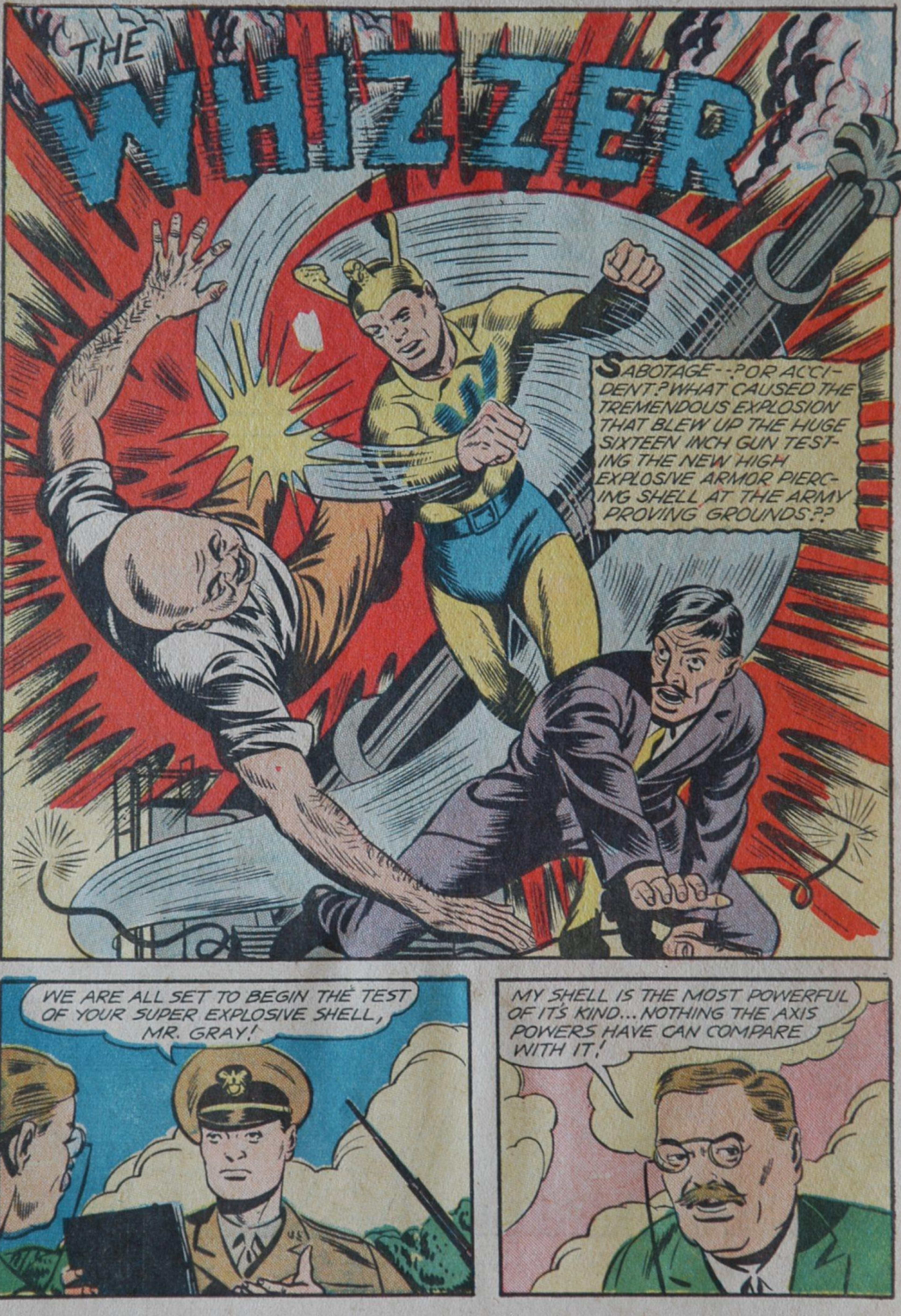

WITH A SICKENING LURCH, THE CAR ROLLS OVER....
GOOT! GOOT! YOU GOT THEM!
EEEEEE
CRASH
IT HAS TURNED OVER! LAND THE PLANE IN THAT MEADOW NEXT TO THE ROAD!
JA!
NEAR THE BATTERED CAR···
OH···
NO! NO! DON'T GO OUT! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT SOON··· HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO···
THE NAZI'S PLANE LANDS....
NO SIGN OF LIFE· THEY MUST BE DEAD!
EXCELLENT! THEN YOU'LL RECOVER THE DOCUMENTS!
AH! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN KILLED IMMEDIATELY. DRAG THEM OUT!
IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT THE CAR DID NOT BURST INTO FLAME!
THE "LIFELESS" BODIES ARE EXTRICATED FROM THE WRECK.....
ACH! ·· HE ISS HEAVY!
NOW FOR DER PAPERS!
7

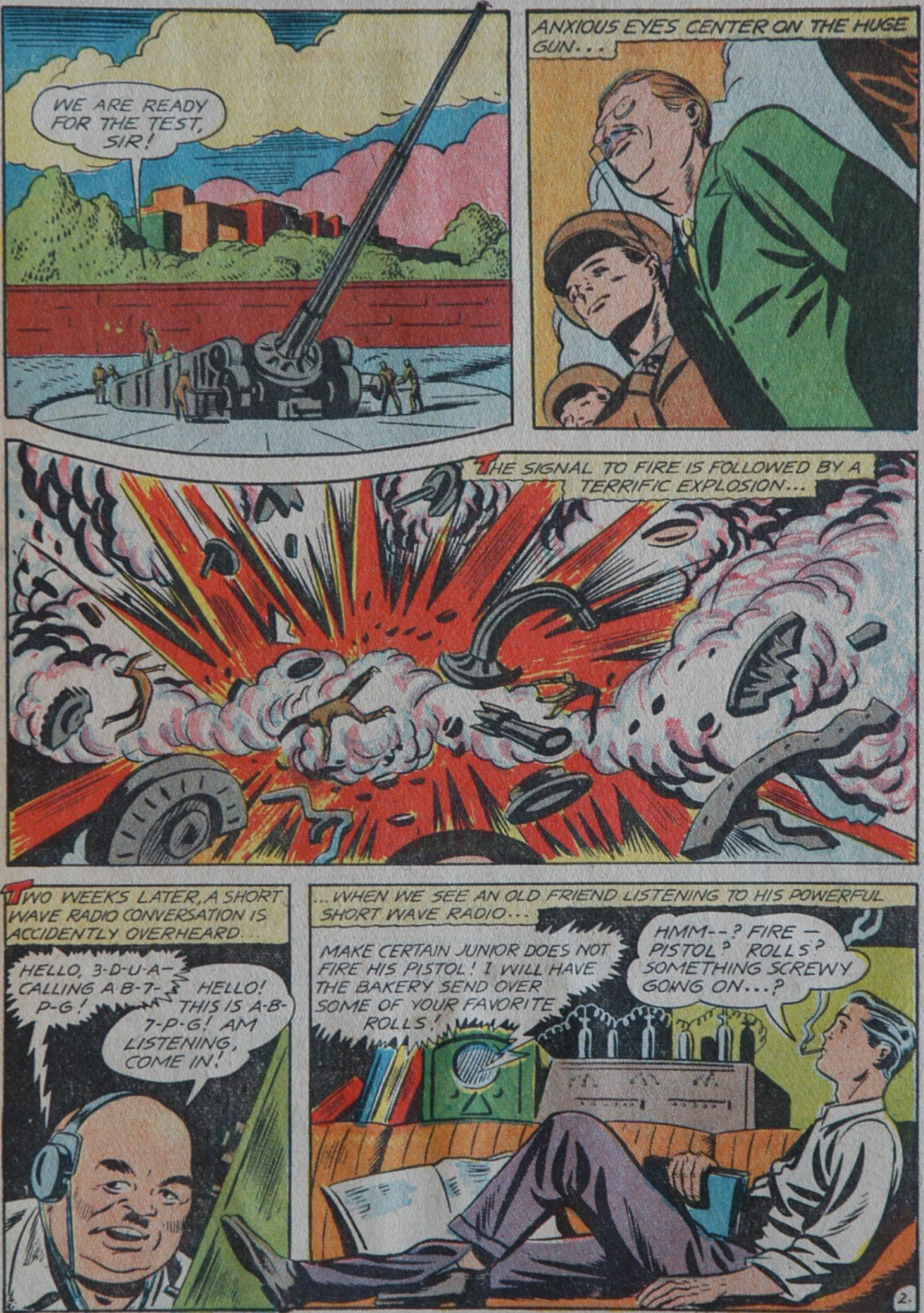

WHERE DID SHE PUT THEM?
PERHAPS THEY'RE IN THE CAR YET!
SUDDENLY, DESTROYER COMES TO LIFE....
AIEEEEE!
SLAM
WRONG— GUESS AGAIN!
AS CAPTAIN KRAUSE HITS THE DUST, GLORIA TOO, COMES TO LIFE.....
RIGHT IN THE MUD— WHERE YOU BELONG!
AHHHH
SWINE! I'LL—
TCH, TCH! WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE! THERE'S A LADY PRESENT!
ARGRRR
THIS IS CALLED "FEEDING THE BREAD BASKET!"
THE SURPRISED PILOT SMASHES INTO THE BATTERED CAR.....
GUESS HE'S OUT FOR THE DURATION!
SLAM!
8

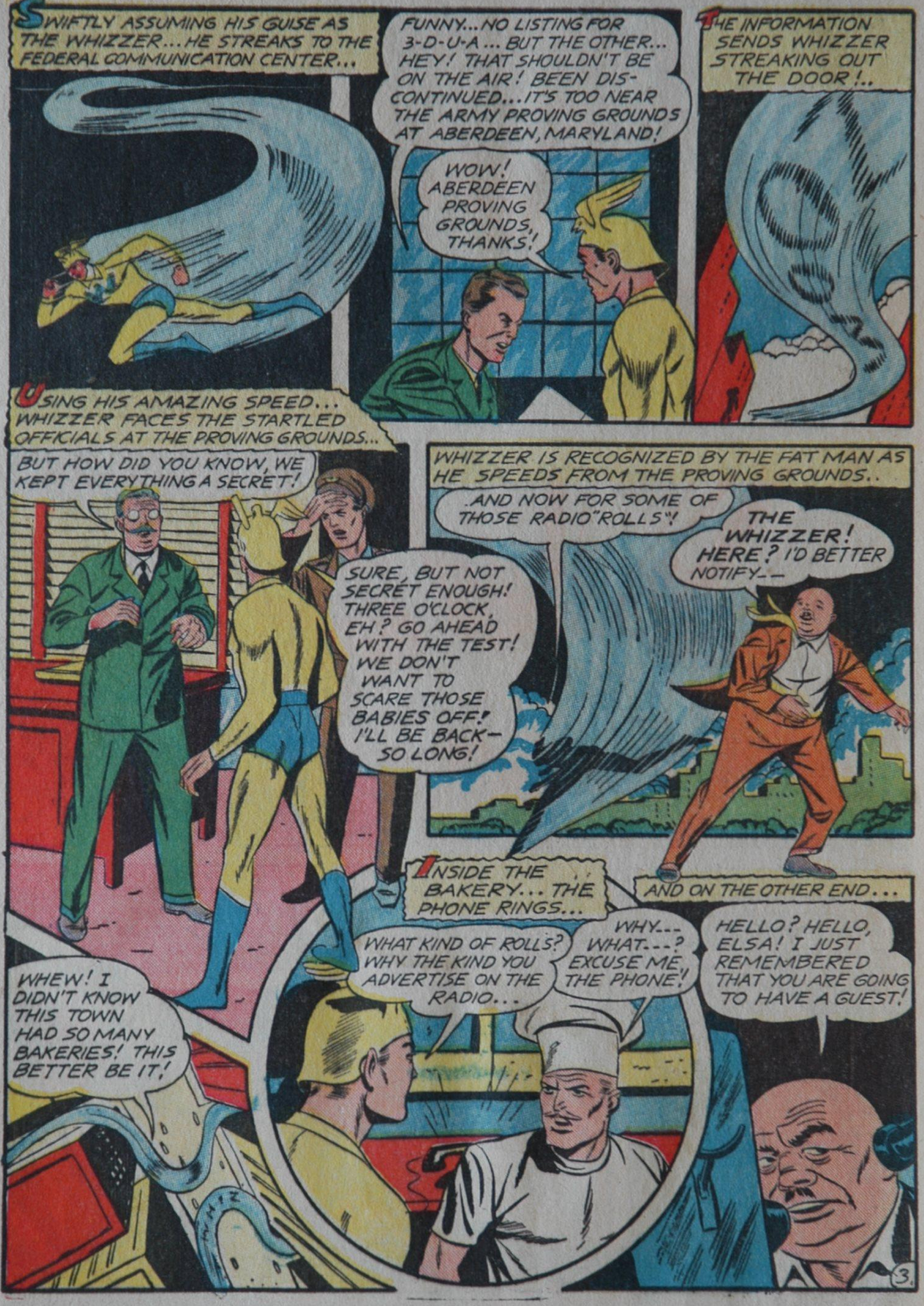
THE FEARLESS DESTROYER TURNS AROUND TO SEE - -
ACH! THE WOLF'S IN ACTION AGAIN!
GIVE. UP, DESTROYER, OR I'LL BREAK HER ARMS!
OH!
BUT THE INTREPID GIRL IS STILL TO BE RECKONED WITH....
STOP!
OW! MY SHIN!
OW!
HOLD THAT POSE!
THE DESTROYER SWINGS...
THERE!
BAM
AI-EEEE
FILTHY DOG! THAT WRENCH- JUST THE THING!
THE VICIOUS NAZI TEARS TOWARD DESTROYER-
YOU'LL DIE FOR THAT!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
WILDLY, THE FURIOUS CAPTAIN SWINGS THE TOOL, BUT···
UH-H-
NOW, WHO'LL DIE?

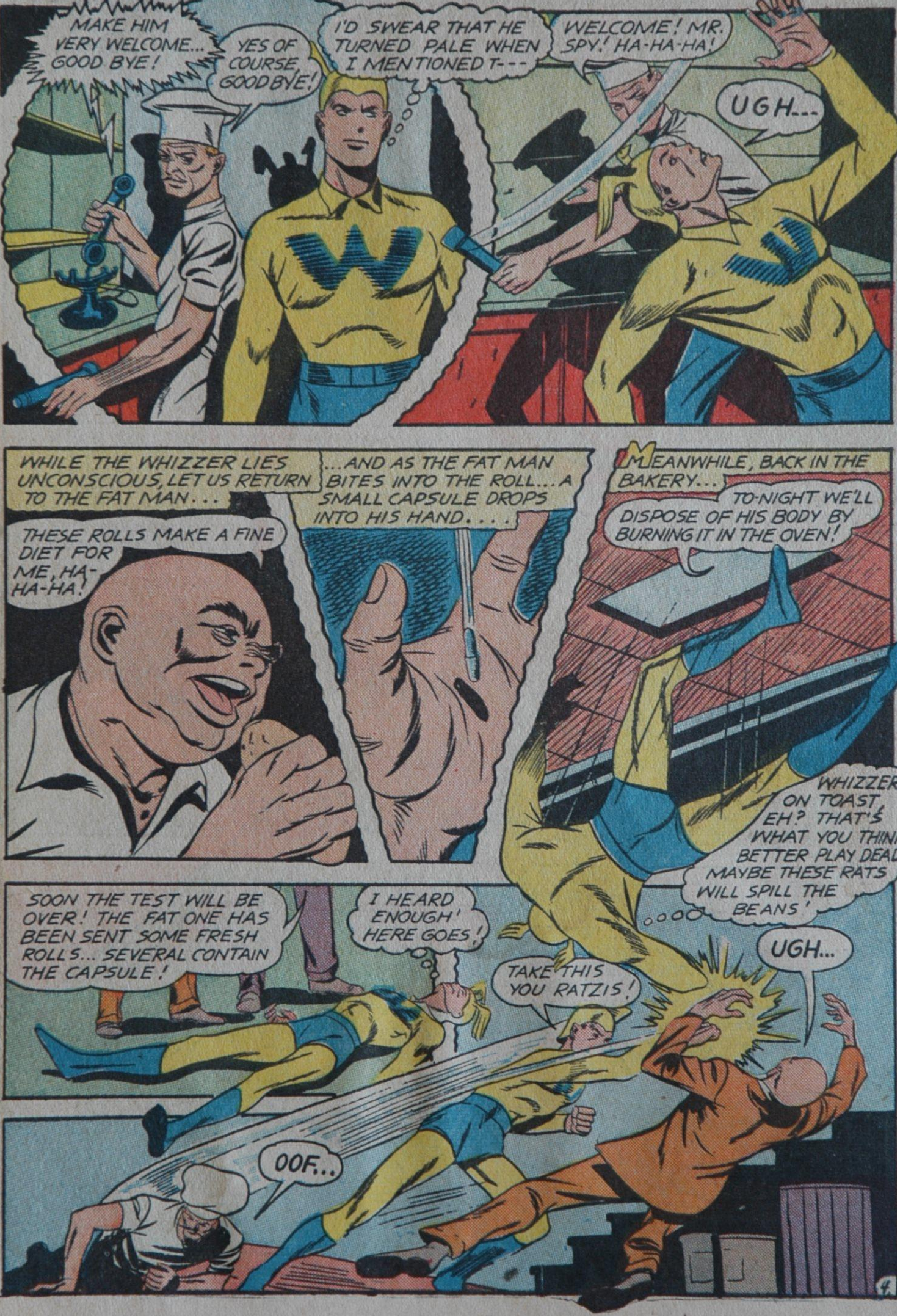

GRUNT, PIG!
UHF!
HAD ENOUGH YET, CAPTAIN KRAUSE?
NO!
AGAIN THE WRENCH FLIES WICKEDLY THROUGH THE AIR.
I'VE ONLY STARTED!
OW!
WHY... YOU SNEAKING NAZI BRAGGARD!
NOW I'LL FINISH YOU!
THIS IS YOUR FINISH!
POW
OOOHHHH!
I HATED TO USE THAT WRENCH, BUT...
HE DESERVED A SLEDGE HAMMER!
NOW WE'RE STRANDED! I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET A SUBMARINE OFF THE COAST! HOW'LL WE GET THERE?
IN THE PLANE, OF COURSE! IT WILL TAKE YOU ALL THE WAY TO ENGLAND! YOU DON'T HAVE TO BOTHER WITH THE SUB!

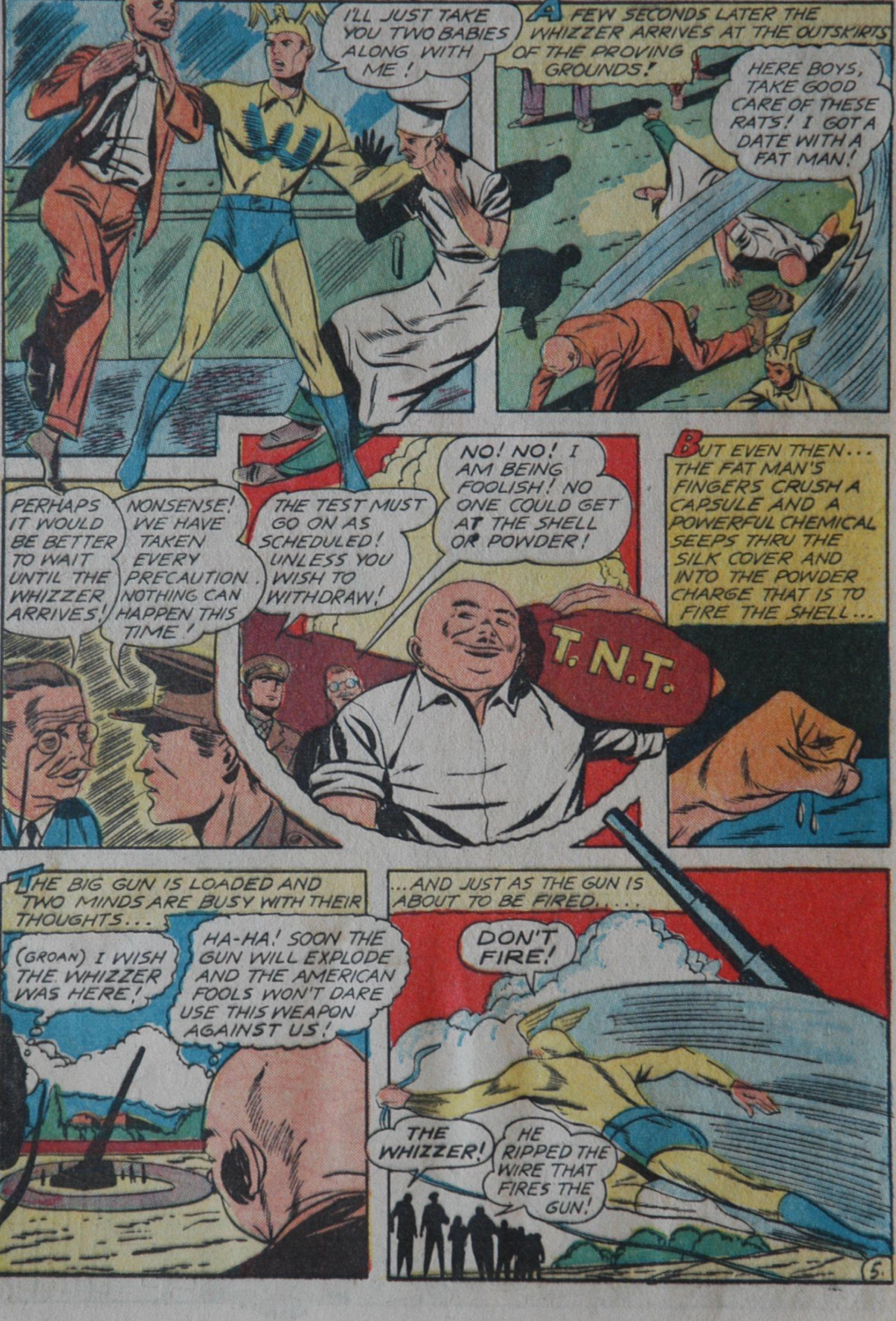

DESTROYER DRAGS KRAUSE ALONG···
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING HIM?
I'M GOING TO MAKE HIM PULL A "RUDOLPH HESS!"
A GOOD IDEA! THE BRITISH WILL HAVE MANY QUESTIONS TO ASK HIM!
THAT'S THE IDEA! NOW, HELP ME GET HIM ABOARD!
THE PLANE SLICES THROUGH THE AIR.....
I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR FATHER!
HE WASN'T MY FATHER! HE WAS A BRITISH OPERATIVE WORKING WITH ME! HE SERVED HIS COUNTRY GALLANTLY TO THE DEATH!
HOURS LATER, THE SHORES OF ENGLAND ARE SIGHTED....
YOU'RE HOME NOW, MISS! I'LL DUMP STORM'S CARCASS OVER-YOU FOLLOW AND EXPLAIN TO THE AUTHORITIES!
STORM IS PUSHED OFF···HIS PARACHUTE BILLOWS OPEN··· AND THE GIRL IS ABOUT TO FOLLOW......
SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO STAY IN ENGLAND?
YES, THERE IS MORE IMPORTANT WORK FOR ME TO DO IN GERMANY!
GOOD-BYE- AND THUMBS UP!
AU REVOIR AND MY THANKS! ENGLAND WILL NEVER FORGET YOU!
DEFIANTLY, THE DESTROYER TAKES THE SHIP BACK TO NAZI LAND...
AND NOW, BACK TO MY PEOPLE TO HELP LIFT THE BLACK SWORD OF NAZI DEPRESSION FROM ABOVE THEIR SUFFERING HEADS! HITLER- HERE I COME!
THE END


THE WHIZZER
SABOTAGE--?OR ACCIDENT?WHAT CAUSED THE TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION THAT BLEW UP THE HUGE SIXTEEN INCH GUN TESTING THE NEW HIGH EXPLOSIVE ARMOR PIERCING SHELL AT THE ARMY PROVING GROUNDS??
WE ARE ALL SET TO BEGIN THE TEST OF YOUR SUPER EXPLOSIVE SHELL, MR. GRAY!
MY SHELL IS THE MOST POWERFUL OF IT'S KIND...NOTHING THE AXIS POWERS HAVE CAN COMPARE WITH IT!


WE ARE READY FOR THE TEST, SIR!
ANXIOUS EYES CENTER ON THE HUGE GUN...
THE SIGNAL TO FIRE IS FOLLOWED BY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION...
TWO WEEKS LATER, A SHORT WAVE RADIO CONVERSATION IS ACCIDENTLY OVERHEARD...
HELLO, 3-D-U-A- CALLING A-B-7-P-G!
HELLO! THIS IS A-B-7-P-G! AM LISTENING, COME IN!
...WHEN WE SEE AN OLD FRIEND LISTENING TO HIS POWERFUL SHORT WAVE RADIO...
MAKE CERTAIN JUNIOR DOES NOT FIRE HIS PISTOL! I WILL HAVE THE BAKERY SEND OVER SOME OF YOUR FAVORITE ROLLS!
HMM--? FIRE— PISTOL? ROLLS? SOMETHING SCREWY GOING ON...?

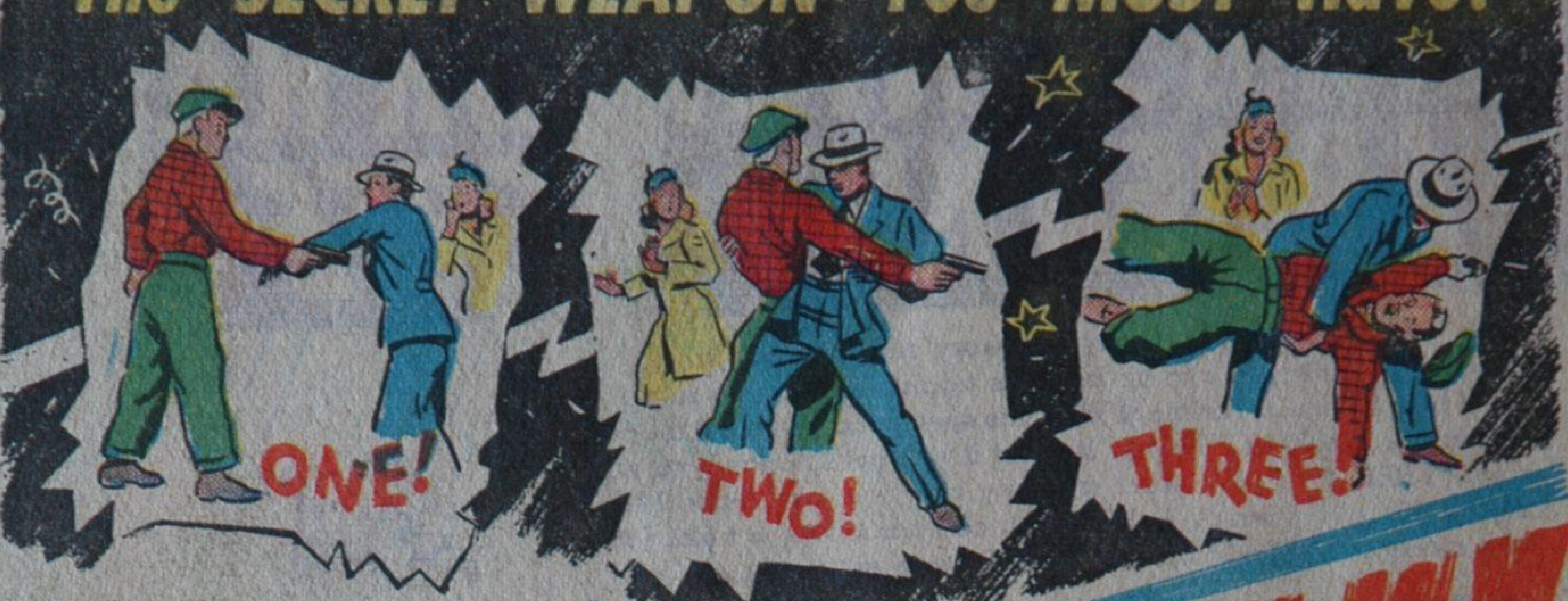

SWIFTLY ASSUMING HIS GUISE AS THE WHIZZER... HE STREAKS TO THE FEDERAL COMMUNICATION CENTER...
FUNNY... NO LISTING FOR 3-D-U-A... BUT THE OTHER... HEY! THAT SHOULDN'T BE ON THE AIR! BEEN DISCONTINUED... IT'S TOO NEAR THE ARMY PROVING GROUNDS AT ABERDEEN, MARYLAND!
WOW! ABERDEEN PROVING GROUNDS, THANKS!
THE INFORMATION SENDS WHIZZER STREAKING OUT THE DOOR!..
USING HIS AMAZING SPEED... WHIZZER FACES THE STARTLED OFFICIALS AT THE PROVING GROUNDS...
BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW, WE KEPT EVERYTHING A SECRET!
SURE, BUT NOT SECRET ENOUGH! THREE O'CLOCK, EH? GO AHEAD WITH THE TEST! WE DON'T WANT TO SCARE THOSE BABIES OFF! I'LL BE BACK— SO LONG!
WHIZZER IS RECOGNIZED BY THE FAT MAN AS HE SPEEDS FROM THE PROVING GROUNDS..
.AND NOW FOR SOME OF THOSE RADIO "ROLLS"!
THE WHIZZER! HERE? I'D BETTER NOTIFY-—
INSIDE THE BAKERY... THE PHONE RINGS...
WHEW! I DIDN'T KNOW THIS TOWN HAD SO MANY BAKERIES! THIS BETTER BE IT!
WHAT KIND OF ROLLS? WHY THE KIND YOU ADVERTISE ON THE RADIO...
WHY--- WHAT---? EXCUSE ME, THE PHONE!
AND ON THE OTHER END...
HELLO? HELLO, ELSA! I JUST REMEMBERED THAT YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE A GUEST!


MAKE HIM VERY WELCOME... GOOD BYE!
YES OF COURSE, GOOD BYE!
I'D SWEAR THAT HE TURNED PALE WHEN I MENTIONED T---
WELCOME! MR. SPY! HA-HA-HA!
UGH...
WHILE THE WHIZZER LIES UNCONSCIOUS, LET US RETURN TO THE FAT MAN...
THESE ROLLS MAKE A FINE DIET FOR ME, HA-HA-HA!
...AND AS THE FAT MAN BITES INTO THE ROLL... A SMALL CAPSULE DROPS INTO HIS HAND....
MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE BAKERY...
TO-NIGHT WE'LL DISPOSE OF HIS BODY BY BURNING IT IN THE OVEN!
WHIZZER ON TOAST, EH? THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! BETTER PLAY DEAD... MAYBE THESE RATS WILL SPILL THE BEANS!
SOON THE TEST WILL BE OVER! THE FAT ONE HAS BEEN SENT SOME FRESH ROLLS... SEVERAL CONTAIN THE CAPSULE!
I HEARD ENOUGH! HERE GOES!
TAKE THIS YOU RATZIS!
UGH...
OOF...


I'LL JUST TAKE YOU TWO BABIES ALONG WITH ME!
A FEW SECONDS LATER THE WHIZZER ARRIVES AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE PROVING GROUNDS!
HERE BOYS, TAKE GOOD CARE OF THESE RATS! I GOT A DATE WITH A FAT MAN!
PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BETTER TO WAIT UNTIL THE WHIZZER ARRIVES!
NONSENSE! WE HAVE TAKEN EVERY PRECAUTION. NOTHING CAN HAPPEN THIS TIME!
THE TEST MUST GO ON AS SCHEDULED! UNLESS YOU WISH TO WITHDRAW!
NO! NO! I AM BEING FOOLISH! NO ONE COULD GET AT THE SHELL OR POWDER!
T.N.T.
BUT EVEN THEN... THE FAT MAN'S FINGERS CRUSH A CAPSULE AND A POWERFUL CHEMICAL SEEPS THRU THE SILK COVER AND INTO THE POWDER CHARGE THAT IS TO FIRE THE SHELL...
THE BIG GUN IS LOADED AND TWO MINDS ARE BUSY WITH THEIR THOUGHTS...
(GROAN) I WISH THE WHIZZER WAS HERE!
HA-HA! SOON THE GUN WILL EXPLODE AND THE AMERICAN FOOLS WON'T DARE USE THIS WEAPON AGAINST US!
...AND JUST AS THE GUN IS ABOUT TO BE FIRED....
DON'T FIRE!
THE WHIZZER!
HE RIPPED THE WIRE THAT FIRES THE GUN!

LOOK OUT!
UGH!
THE WHIZZER MUST DIE!
HIS AIM GOING WIDE THE FAT MAN DASHES TO THE COLONEL'S CAR WHICH IS CLOSE BY...
HO-HO! THERE GOES OUR FAT FRIEND, BUT NOT FOR LONG!
WITHIN SECONDS, THE WHIZZER CATCHES THE FLEEING NAZI...
OH, NO YOU DON'T! I WANT YOU ALIVE!
HIMMEL! THIS MAN IS THE DEVIL!
THE WHIZZER HAULS HIS CAPTIVE BACK TO THE PROVING GROUNDS...
LATER, WITH A NEW CHARGE IN THE BREECH, THE SUPER SHELL IS READY TO BE TESTED...
I'M STILL NERVOUS!
RELAX, IT'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT THIS TIME!
FIRE!
SUCCESS!!
CONGRATULATIONS, MR. GRAY! WONDERFUL! THE OBSERVER REPORTS THE SHELL PIERCED AND EXPLODED THE STEEL TARGET LIKE SO MUCH MATCHWOOD!
...AND WHAT EFFECT DID THIS CHEMICAL IN THE CAPSULE HAVE?
IT WAS A POWERFUL AGENT THAT NEUTRALIZED THE POWDER CHARGE, MADE IT HARMLESS... AND THE ELECTRICAL SHOCK THAT FIRED THE GUN SET OFF MY NEW EXPLOSIVE IN THE SUPER SHELL INSTEAD OF THE POWDER... AND THANKS TO YOU, WHIZZER, THE AXIS SHIPS AND TANKS WILL SOON FEEL IT'S FULL EFFECT!
THE END

The SECRET WEAPON You MUST Have!


ONE!
TWO!
THREE!

BLITZED By LIGHTNING JU-JITSU!

YOU, TOO, CAN BE TOUGH! No matter how small you are — no matter how accustomed you've grown to being bullied and kicked around — you can now, *in double-quick time,* become a "holy terror" in a hand-to-hand fight! And built just as you are — *that's* the beauty of it! Yes, even though you weigh no more than 100 pounds, a power-house lies concealed in that modest frame of yours, waiting to be sprung by the commando-like destruction of LIGHTNING JU-JITSU.

Just think! You need no longer be pushed around by a brute twice your size. You need no longer be tortured with fright because you lack confidence in your own ability to take care of yourself. Your loved one can now look up to you, certain that no one will *dare* lay a hand on her while you're around.

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Get this JUNIOR AIR RAID WARDEN KIT · READ *FREE* OFFER

Here's an amazing opportunity for every full blooded American boy to prepare himself and his buddies against enemy air attacks. Lots of fun! Exciting! Thrilling! With this special offer you get a complete Junior Air Raid Warden kit and if you act at once, you will receive FREE with your order a heavy carrying case (size 14½" long by 10" high) which is built with compartments to hold each of the many items. Read on and learn how to get yours.

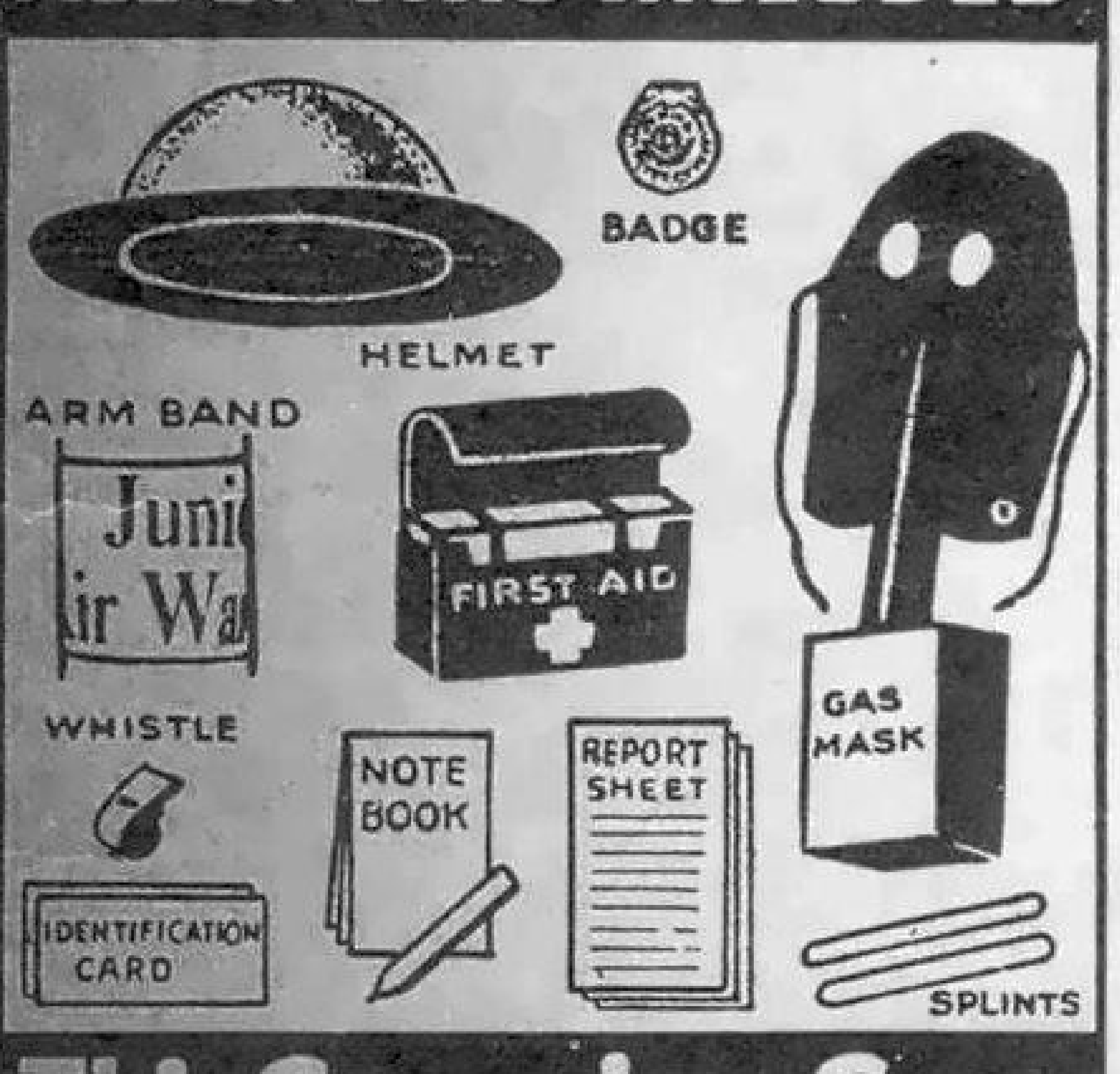
BOYS! BE READY FOR ENEMY AIR ATTACKS

You owe it to your Uncle Sam to know just what to do in the event of an air attack. This Junior Air Raid Warden kit has been devised to enable you to practice and play . . . BUT you learn as you play. You are furnished with a Helmet, First Aid Kit, Bright Metal Badge, Shrill Siren - like Whistle, Junior Arm Band, Identification Cards, Report Sheets, Pencil and Note Book, Gas Mask and Splints. All these items are included so you go through the exciting and thrilling experience while you play of an actual alarm or attack. Everyone of your friends will want to play with you . . . you will become the most popular boy in the block. All of your boy friends will want a kit. Be the first one to proudly wear and use the many articles included in your Junior Air Raid Warden kit . . . and don't forget, if you act at once, you receive FREE of extra cost with your order, the handsome carrying case which has a handle and everything in it, just like the picture of this advertisement.

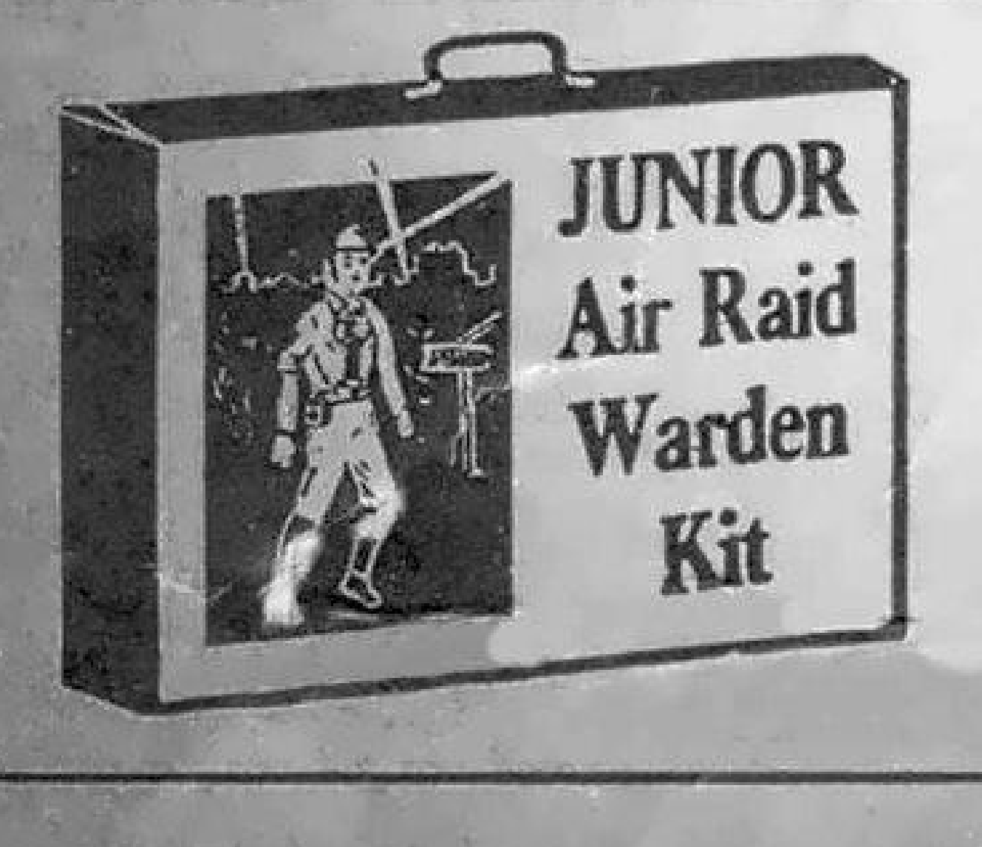
Junior Air Wa
JUNIOR Air Raid Warden Kit

GUARANTEE—You take no risk! You must be 100% delighted or you may return within five days for full refund of purchase price.

ALL OF THIS INCLUDED



This Carrying Case FREE WITH YOUR ORDER


JUNIOR Air Raid Warden Kit

Just What Every American Boy Needs

You no longer need envy your Dad or neighbor when you see them strut the streets with their air raid warden outfits, whistles, bands, hats, etc. This Junior Air Raid Warden kit contains everything to make you look like a real air raid warden . . . but better still is the fun you will get out of playing and practicing. Uncle Sam wants every American boy to know his job in the event of an enemy air attack. You need this outfit to help prepare yourself for such an emergency. You can form Junior Air Raid Warden Clubs and enjoy great thrills in this almost realistic sport. Order your kit today and be the first one in your neighborhood to gain added popularity. All instructions are included.

SEND NO MONEY

Just sign your name and address to the coupon. (Write or print carefully in order to avoid mistakes.) We will ship the complete outfit, including the free carrying case (size 14½" long x 10" high) by return mail. Deposit $1.69, plus postage, with the postman on arrival but act at once because a limited number are only available at this special introductory price.

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AIR RAID SHELTER

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Send me one of your thrilling and exciting complete Junior Air Raid Warden Kits by return mail. Also include the heavy Carrying Case (size 14½" L x 10" H) without extra cost. I will pay postman $1.69, plus postage on arrival. It is understood if I am not 100% delighted I may return within five days and you will refund purchase price.

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NOTE: Only two kits will be delivered to a single customer at this introductory price.

Help yourself get the job you want in the Army . . .

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Your future military life, your rank, your pay, your job, depend in part on the grade you achieve on your induction General Classification Test. As a wise man once said, "An opportunity well taken is the only weapon of advantage." The time to prepare is NOW — before you take your test.

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Take advantage of the help that is offered you here. "PRACTICE FOR THE ARMY TESTS" has been compiled to help men like you. Not only yourself, but your family, and the army, want to see that you get the job for which you are best qualified. "PRACTICE FOR THE ARMY TESTS" is a book containing complete and simplified material along the lines of the questions given on the tests—tells how to answer them quickly and easily. It gives you a real opportunity to go to your test with the self-assurance "that I am ready." Here's why. The ABC simplicity of this startling book will gear your mind to the rapid-fire answer-technique so characteristic of I. Q. tests. It helps you to brush up on vocabulary, mathematical formulas, cube counting, and all the other special techniques that you should master if you want to do yourself justice on your exam.

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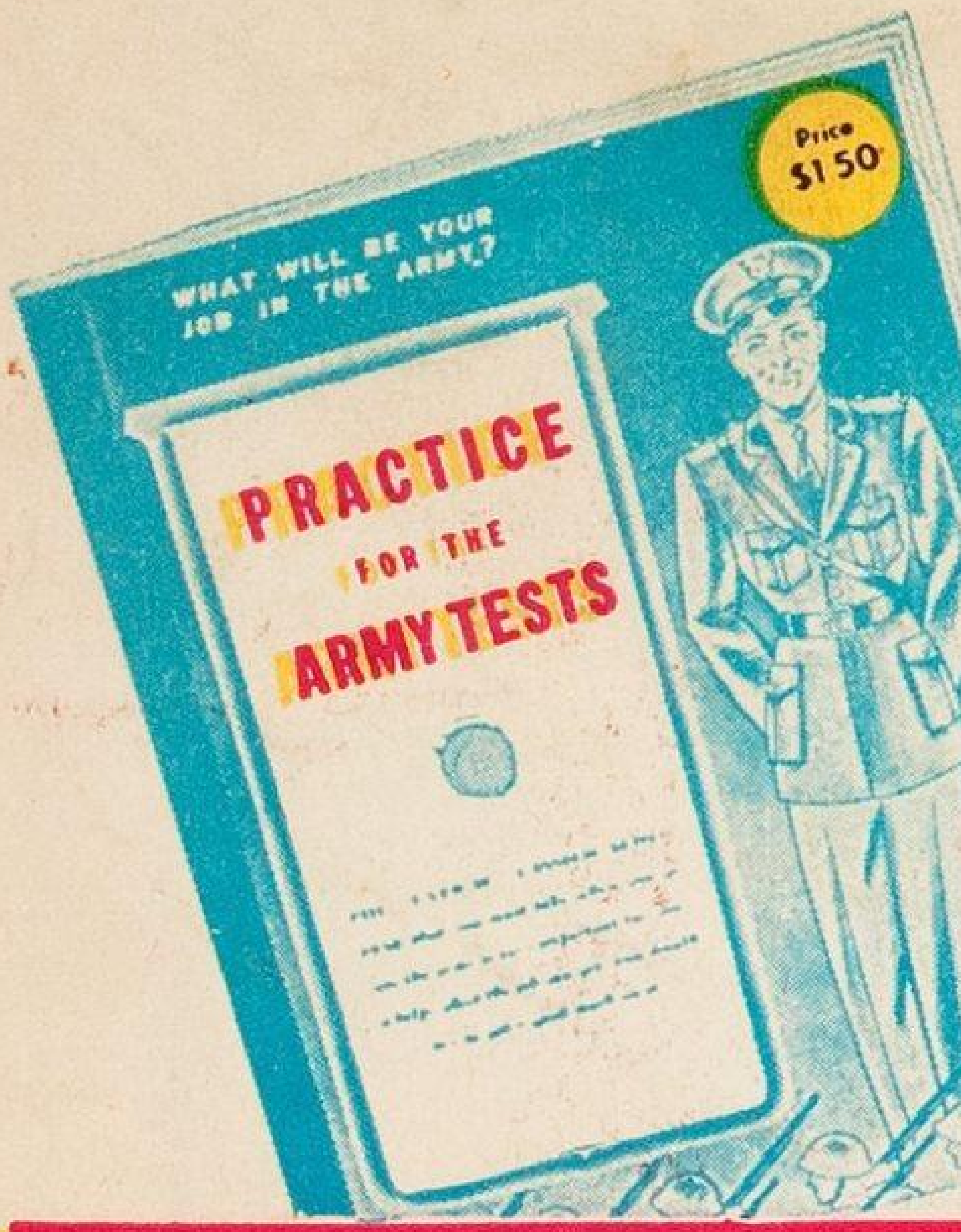
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